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TEMPTATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

Who sees you? All is close and dark and still,
No prying, pitiless messenger of ill
Can come into this place and bear away
Your secret to the clear, rebuking day.

Who sees? The wind that through the silence treads—
The myriad billows lifting their wild heads
Over the rough sea-rocks—the stealthy leaves
Letting themselves from branch to branch like thieves.

Nay, this is idle—heaven could not have planned
A time so fit—see how yon cloud doth stand
With black and sheltering hands before the face
Of the fair moon, as if to give you grace.

Enough! though hell's dark ruler dared to name
A creed so foul, I tell you the hot shame
Would burn his cheeks, and make a light whereby
All the wide world should see the monster lie.

But could I hide my guiltiness away,
And keep it hidden till the judgment-day;
Nay, though the heavens were all one blinded waste,
I, in mine own eyes, still would be abased.

NORA DEANE;

OR,

THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

EFFECTIVE WORK.

While Allan was gone for the arms Harry related to Mark Winter the circumstances of their meeting with Tom Burder and his gang. The old trapper listened with rapt attention, and when the story had been told, he clapped his great hands together, exclaiming:

"Did the parson do it? By glory!"

He would have said more, but the remarks were cut short by the entrance of Mr. Deane, who bore in his hands—or in his arms—four rifles and four shot-guns.

"I trust we shall not have to use them," he said, as he stood them up in the corner.

"But, parson," suggested the trapper, "I hope ye won't go to makin' child's play o' this bizness. Rifles is o' no use unless ye 're willin' to use 'em."

"Wait, Mark, until I bring the powder and ball," the clergyman quietly returned, "and then we'll talk about it."

"Gad!" muttered the old wanderer, giving his deerskin doublet a jerk, "I reckon he'll do. I don't know as I ever took notice afore of what a splendid figger he's got. Zounds! he's cut out for a 'coon."

Even Nora smiled at the quaint earnestness with which the trapper thus delivered himself; and as his gaze was fixed upon her, as though he would ask if he had not spoken the truth, she replied:

"My father is a brave man, sir; and I think he is a good man."

"Bless yer sweet face, my pooty gal, I know all that better 'n you ken tell it. It runs in the blood, bravery does. Whar's young Allan, an' Edgar, an' Robert, an' Cecil? I call him young Allan because his father's name is Allan, too; but he's older 'n I am. By glory! them's what I call brave boys. An', mind ye—Mark Winter 'd been out thar with them Missouri Union boys if thar hadn't been a whisper in his ear that he might be needed nearer home. An' I reckon the whisper 's comin' true, too. What do you think, Master Harry?"

"You are right, Mark; and I only fear that loyal men enough may not be found when wanted."

At this juncture the clergyman returned with powder and ball, and Harry proceeded to load the pieces, assisted by Mark. While they were doing this Mr. Deane turned to his wife, and asked her if she wished to retire to her chamber.

Mary Deane was a timid woman, as we have seen; but she had much pride and great moral power; and in this hour her pride came to her assistance. She had heard the trapper speak of the bravery of her noble boys, and of the goodness and courage of her husband; and he should not see that she was lacking if she could help it.

"My husband," she said, with a calmness that surprised even herself, "do not trouble yourself about me. I may not be able to render you much assistance, but you shall not find me a weight upon you."

"That's the sort," cried Mark Winter, enthusiastically. "I don't wonder the boys are heroes."

Mr. Deane was pleased with his wife's decision; and, having kissed her, he turned to Nora. But he had nothing to say to his daughter. She was standing by Harry's side, watching him as he worked, and helping him when she could; and the steadiness of her hands showed that her heart was firm.

"Now," said the clergyman, after he had satisfied himself touching the wishes of his wife and child, "you can tell me something more concerning these desperadoes. You are sure they are coming here?"

"Sartin I be," replied the trapper, emphatically. "Ye see, I've been watchin' them cusses, an' I know all about 'em. And, mind ye—they're backed up by men as has got property; they're backed up by men as are sworn to put their feet onto this ere gover'ment of ourn. There 'r other gangs besides Burder's and Norton's. Their plan is to kill off every man 'at preaches Union; an' Allan Deane 's about the fust man they hit on."

"You have good evidence that they mean to make this a war to the hilt?"

"Lord bless ye, parson, in course I have. I tell ye they mean to do jest 'xactly as the Ingins ha' done up north of us. O, don't think they're goin' to rock ye to sleep in a cradle, an' quiet ye in that way,—not a bit of it. They mean to shut yer mouth with cold lead."

"You think there are six of them coming?"

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE STRANGE WOMAN.

"There is either five or six besides Goold Norton himself; an' they'll be here afore a great while, too."

Mr. Deane had learned full as much of the spirit which was rampant in the neighborhood as had his friend; and he also knew very well the character of the people who would be likely to come against him. He had studied much into the secret working of the secession element in that section of the State; and he was well aware that the spirit of rapine was at the bottom of the whole of it. A few of the leaders had dim visions of political power in the future; but the mass of those who formed the guerrilla bands had no respect for law, either human or divine; and, like all villains and outlaws, in all ages of the world, they hated the institutions of civil government and justice. He knew that the rascals—the thieves, robbers, and blacklegs—who had for years infested the cities and river-landings, were now ready to take arms under the name of the Confederacy, and form bands of marauders; and their watch-words were, "Death to all Union men!" and "All Union men's property for us!" Allan Deane knew all this; and he knew that when the guerrillas gained strength enough to face the military the hour of trial would come. South of him, and west of him, and north of him, the bushwhackers had run riot for months; so there could be no mistaking their character and purposes.

"If," said Mr. Deane, "we can handle these fellows to-night, we will have the military up here to-morrow. The capturing of the leaders may cause the rest to keep quiet."

The trapper was just then in the act of putting some new caps upon the nipples of his revolver. He stopped his work and looked up.

"What 's that yer ye said, parson?"

"I said we'd have the military up here to-morrow."

"From whar?"

"Why, from Bayville, of course."

"Lord bless ye, thar ain't no military thar. They went off yesterday mornin'."

"Went where?"

"Went to jine Grant, I reckon. Anyhow, they're gone, every one on 'em. Why, Lord bless ye, parson, that's what makes these yer cussed bushwhackers so bold."

Allan Deane grasped a rifle and planted the butt heavily upon the floor.

"If that is the case," he said, "there is work before us. I have preached the gospel of peace, and I hope to preach it again; but when traitors stand in the way of peace they must be removed. You say Goold Norton is coming from the north?"

"Yes."

"Then he will approach us in front. I will go and secure the back door, and bar the windows, and be with you quickly."

When Allan Deane built his house the place was wild and lonesome; and to please his timid wife he hung solid shutters upon all the window frames; for sometimes he was called away to be gone all night, and she felt easier with this additional security. And at the present time these shutters were in their places, and the clergyman closed them all save those upon the windows of the room they occupied. He was just returning from this work when the quick ear of the trapper caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Here they come!" he cried.

"God grant that they force us not to extremities!" ejaculated Deane, at the same time extinguishing the light.

"That's a good prayer, but I'm afeared it won't be answered," said Mark. "I tell ye, parson, we've got to look this yer painter right in the face. He's bound to bite ef he ken."

"I understand all that," returned Mr. Deane; "and I beg that you will leave the business in my hands until we find out what these fellows want."

Mark Winter was perfectly willing to submit to this arrangement; only he wanted one thing understood:

"From this time," he said, "I'm counted in with you; an' them yer willains won't spare me. They're wus 'n Injun[illegible], they be, an' I don't want to leave too ma[illegible] 'em to trouble us."

Harry Marshall had as yet [illegible] no suggestion; but he came forward an[illegible] [illegible]ered one now. "The thing is simple," he said. "The burden of blood must rest upon their shoulders. If they attack us with intent to kill, our course is very plain beyond that."

"You are right," pronounced Mr. Deane.

"Eg'xactly," echoed Mark.

At this moment Nora, who had been watching at the window, saw men coming around the bluff. In the bright moonlight they could be seen very plainly. There were six of them, and they had rifles upon their shoulders. Mr. Deane once more asked his wife if she would not retire to her chamber.

"Not yet," she said. She did not speak quite so boldly as before, for there was a fluttering in her voice, and she held her hand upon her heart. However, she still maintained a calm exterior, and assured her husband that she would take care of herself.

Mr. Deane requested Harry and Mark to keep out of sight for a while, and allow him to speak with the approaching force. They were now so near that their forms could be distinctly traced, and they were all stout, large-framed men. Goold Norton, a notorious riverman and blackleg, led the crew, with a rifle upon his shoulder, and pistols and bowie-knife in his belt. They came on silently, as though they supposed the family might be asleep. The old man stood by the window, the sash of which he had raised, and hailed the fellows as they reached the lawn in front of the house.

"Hallo! Who comes there?"

"Ha, old chap,—be you awake!" returned Norton, stopping as he spoke.

"Is that you, Goold Norton?"

"It am, sartin."

"What do you want here?"

"We want you, old hoss."

"What do you want of me?"

"Come out o' that, an' see," cried Norton, with an oath.

"This is my house. If you seek shelter, say so."

Norton laughed derisively, and swore another oath.

"Pink the old rat!" yelled one of Norton's companions.

"Give him ——!" cried another, suggesting as a gift the very territory they seemed in a fair way to reach.

"Come out o' that, an' give yerself up!" ordered Norton. "We haint got no time to waste."

"Hold!" answered Allan Deane. "You must not offer violence to me. I am in my own castle, and here I shall defend myself."

"Ha!" shouted the leader of the villains, interlarding his speeches with horrid oaths and imprecations, "the old hypocrite threatens to shoot. Down with his house!"

And at the same moment one of the gang levelled his rifle and fired. The bullet clipped away one of Allan Deane's silvered locks, and passed through the opposite partition. The clergyman might possibly have held down a full-grown panther, but he could not hold Mark Winter. The trapper sprang to the other window, the top of which had been lowered, and rested the muzzle of his rifle upon the sash. His aim was quickly taken and as the sharp report broke upon the air, Goold Norton tumbled over with a bullet through his head.

"Now, by glory!" cried Mark, as he turned and seized another rifle, "the fight's opened. Thar aint no backin' out arter this. Look sharp. Here they come!"

As the remaining ruffians, with horrid yells and oaths, rushed towards the house, Allan Deane raised his rifle, and fired, murmuring, as he did so,—"God have mercy on his soul!" And the prayer came not amiss, for the bullet sent a soul on its eternal flight. Harry Marshall was not behindhand, nor was his hand less effective than the others. He selected a huge villain—a notorious blackleg and thief, named Hugh Langford—and stopped him in his onward course with a bullet through his breast.

There were but three of the rascals left, and they hurried on to the door, and banged upon it with the butts of their rifles. Mr. Deane went into the entry, intending to speak to them; and in the meantime Mark Winter, who had been standing with the muzzle of his second rifle resting upon the sash, caught sight at another rascal, and quickly sent him to keep company with his dead companions. The two bushwhackers thus left stood close by the door, and stopped their racket. Mr. Deane spoke to them from within. He supposed that they might ask for mercy in their present condition.

"If you will lay down your arms," he said, "we will spare you." He spoke loudly and distinctly, so that he might be understood.

"Open this door, ye bloody old canter!" was the response. "Open it, or we'll burn ye out! We've got matches, an' we'll set the fire."

"If you enter this house by force you will die," returned Deane; "and if you set the house on fire we shall punish you."

One of the assailants gave a thump with his rifle, and had just commenced to swear at the old clergyman, when a sharp report broke upon the air close by them. One, two, three, shots were fired in quick succession, and the swearing ceased.

What was it? Mark Winter, when he saw Deane go into the entry, had slipped out by the back way, and come upon the two villains with his revolver, giving them both mortal wounds before they had time to turn their rifles upon him.

Pale and trembling Mrs. Deane retired to her chamber, supported by the arm of her daughter, and sank upon the bed; but she could not remain there alone, and when Nora went out into the kitchen, she went with her. The scene of blood had shocked her, and she seemed to fear that ghosts might take the places of the dead men, and come to harm the household.

When Allan Deane knew that the enemy were silenced, he unbarred the front door and went out. One fellow, named Burram, was alive, and begged for water. He was a young man, not more than two or three-and-twenty, and had been once in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. His five companions were dead, as had been already discovered by the trapper. The clergyman brought water for the wounded man, and as he held it to his lips he asked:

"Why did you attack my house?"

"We meant to kill you," replied the man, after he had drank. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke with difficulty. He knew that he was dying, and the knowledge did not make him afraid. "We meant to kill you, as you ought to be; and you'll get killed yet."

"And what would you have done with my family?"

"You haint got only a wife and daughter."

"That's all at home. What would you have done with them?"

"We'd 'a killed the old woman, and sent the gal safe off."

"Off where?" asked Harry Marshall, who had overheard the conversation.

"Ha! is that you, Master Harry? We wa'n't thinkin' of sendin' her to you. No,—we've got another sort of a dose for you."

"Look'e, Jack Burram," said Mark Winter, bending over the prostrate man, "I know ye well,—I've know'd ye ever since ye been in these parts,—an' I think ye're dyin'."

"Well, what of it?"

"This much of it: How many o' you bushwhackers be there in these parts?"

"Enough to take care of all such chaps as you are, Mark Winter. You haven't seen the last of 'em yet."

Mr. Deane tried to obtain some information from the man, but without avail. He would tell nothing, only to declare that the bushwhackers were collecting in large numbers, and that every Union man would soon be shot or hung. At length he asked for more water. He drank all there was in the measure, and still begged for more. The old clergyman went to fill the measure again; but when he returned Jack Burram was dead.

"I wish we could 'a got a leetle more information out of him," said Mark.

"We got enough," added Harry Marshall, with a shudder. "They meant to kill us; but they did not mean to kill Nora!"

"Alas!" murmured Allan Deane, "these are troubled times! God help the right!"

CHAPTER V.

MEDIA, THE QUADROON.

While Allan Deane went in to see his wife, Harry and Mark bore the bodies of the dead men to the stable, and covered them with a blanket; after which they placed a collar and traces upon one of the horses, and dragged the carcass of the clergyman's unfortunate beast down towards the river. When they returned to the house it was very near midnight, and a consultation was held as to what should be the arrangements for the future. Mrs. Deane was anxious to leave the place as soon as possible. She feared that more enemies might come that way. But Mark Winter did not think so.

"There's no danger o' that," he said, "unless Tom Burder rewives, an' pitches in, which I don't b'lieve he'll do to-night. We'll be safe enough here till mornin', an' then ye ken move whichever way ye choose. Harry an' I ken keep watch."

Mr. Deane agreed to this, as did Harry Marshall and Nora; and when the good woman found herself in so small a minority, she gave up without further opposition. But the old man was not to be cheated out of his privilege of helping keep the watch. The night passed without further cause of alarm, and with the first light of day the men were out to observe if any enemies were lurking about.

Harry thought he saw a man moving in the edge of the woods beyond the road, and he and Mark went to reconnoitre. They moved carefully, guarding against surprise; but found nothing of any enemies.

"It might 'a been," said Mark, "one o' Tom Burder's gang; but we aint afeard o' them. [illegible] Very likely they're huntin' arter Goold Norton."

"I am very sure that I saw a man," returned Harry; "and, as you suggest, it may have been one of the other gang looking after Norton's force. Let us go back and see what Allan Deane means to do."

"Sartin," responded the trapper; "he's wuth lookin' arter, that old man is. Ef all preachers was like him I reckon thar'd be more Christians in the world 'n thar be now. Don't you think, Master Harry, 'at preachers or't 'r fight as well as anybody?"

"I think they ought to be ready to defend the institutions upon which our civil government is founded, and upon the safety of which the success of Christianity in a great measure depends," replied Harry, as they moved back towards the house.

"'Zactly!" said Mark, emphatically. "I don't dispute ye. In fact, I say ye're jest right. It's our institushuns that's in danger, an' a pooty allfired big part o' one o' them institushuns is the American eagle! How's that?"

"You're right, Mark."

"An' another jofired big slice of an institushun is the the old Star-spangled Banner! How's that?"

"That's one of the grandest of them, Mark."

"An' another institushun," cried the trapper, giving his rifle a slap that seemed to start the very screws, "an' one o' the biggest kind of an institushun 'at ever was, or ever will be, is the Constitushun an' the Union! How's that?"

"That's a glorious institution."

"An' I sort o' reckon as how 't preachers or't 'r fight for that yer thing."

"I think they ought to labor for it, Mark; and I am sure that the great majority of them do."

"I know," pursued the trapper, shaking his head in a cogitating manner. "I s'pose they do as near right as they know how; but I reckon some on 'em go agin all sorts of fightin'—eh?"

"Some of them may," admitted Harry.

"I wonder ef they ever read the Bible. I've read it some. What d'ye think o' them old patriarks, Harry?"

"What about them, Mark?"

"Wa'n't they friends to God, an' didn't they b'long to the church?"

"I suppose so."

"Well—an' wasn't they reg'lar old tigers in a fight? By glory! them yer old chaps—them old patriarks an' kings an' profits—they war some in a fight, I tell ye. Them yer's what I call Christians, now."

Harry smiled at his companion's quaint remarks; and after a pause the latter went on:

"By the great Moses! Parson Deane or't 'r 've been one o' them yer old patriarks. Wouldn't he 'ave been a reg'lar trump among them cusses 'at throw'd Danyel in amongst the lions!"

"Allan Deane would have been a good man in any age, and among any people," remarked Harry, candidly.

"'Zactly; but I reckon the Lord know'd pooty nigh when he'd be needed. I guess they made Mr. Deane jest about the right time—eh?"

"Certainly," replied Harry, with a smile.

"An'," pursued Mark, poking the young man in the side with his thumb, "I reckon Miss Nora didn't grow up in a werry bad time for you, eh?"

"You have hit the nail on the head exactly now, Mark."

"I know'd it. By glory! she's a beauty, Harry; an' she's jest as good as she is pooty. She's what I call a angel. How's that?"

"I shall not dispute you."

"In course ye won't. Hello! who's that?"

They had come very near to the house, and the object which had attracted the trapper's attention was a person just coming over the

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bridge. They stopped, and soon found it to be a woman, in tattered garments, with a small bundle suspended over her shoulder by a stick.

"Etarnal Moses!" ejaculated Mark, "what sort of a critter is that?"

She looked wild and wan. She was of middle age—perhaps forty, perhaps fifty—with a thin, pale face, and with great black eyes that had a staring, startled look. Her hair was black as the plumage of a raven, and hung in long masses over her back and shoulders, the only covering upon her head being a piece of napkin wound around, and knotted behind. Her features, though now sharp and angular, were singularly regular; and Harry Marshall, who had had some experience in reading physiognomy, decided that she must once have been very beautiful. She looked first upon the trapper, and then fixed her gaze upon Harry. There was a sort of fascinating power in the gaze of those great black eyes, and the young man felt a strange thrill of uneasiness.

"Do you seek any one here?" he asked, moving as though he would avoid the glance that troubled him.

"Young man, you don't know me," she said. Her voice was low and hollow, without harshness, and yet not pleasant to the senses. It's music was sepulchral, sounding like a note from the verge of the grave.

"I do not know you," returned Harry, who now for the first time fancied that he detected something natural in the wan face.

"You know not me, young sir; but I know you very well. The face of your mother is not so easily forgotten. You were called Harry when you were a little boy; and your father was Gilbert Marshall."

"You are right. And now will you tell me who you are?"

"I am nobody, sir. I am one of those poor unfortunates whose home is in a world to come, and who have no name. Sorrow and shame are mine on earth—sorrow and shame!"

Her voice was like the moaning of the wind in some deep cavern, and the light of her great black eyes grew deeper and more intense.

"I am on my way to Millbrook," she continued, "and I have come over the bridge to see if Allan Deane will give me food. Is the old man living?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall not hunger long. May I go on to his cot?"

Harry and Mark stood aside and allowed her to pass, and then followed on after her. Harry asked the old trapper if he knew who the woman was; but he did not.

As they came near to the front door, the stranger saw blood upon the greensward, and upon the pebbles; and, with a start, she asked what it meant. Mark told her that a horse had got hurt there in the night."

"Horses are not all the victims of this hour," she said. "Men shall bleed; and women shall bleed; and children shall bleed! Some shall see the light of a better day; and some shall shut their eyes in darkness forever! The Lord is just—the Lord is terrible!"

With these words upon her lips she crossed the threshold, and entered the room where the clergyman and his wife were, Harry and Mark coming in immediately after her. Mr. Deane, who had been st[illegible] by a window, took [illegible] wife, already s[illegible] by the trials of the night, shrank away as from some new enemy.

"My good woman, who are you?"

"I am weary and faint—a wanderer, seeking food."

"Food you shall have," said the clergyman, regarding her closely—"food and rest. Have you travelled far?"

"From the end of the earth, Allan Deane—from the end of the earth!" She drew her thin hand across her brow, and then added,—"And to the end of the earth doth my journey tend!"

Mrs. Deane arose and went out into the kitchen, where Nora was busy in preparation for breakfast. The stranger watched her movement, and when the door closed behind her she said:

"Why should Mary Deane fear me? Am I so horrible in my look?"

"Ah," cried the clergyman, "I think I know you now. Did you not once live at Millbrook?"

"LIVE at Millbrook!" repeated the woman, with startling emphasis. "I have never LIVED since I knew what life was. But I understand you, sir. Millbrook was once my abiding-place, and Gilbert Marshall's wife was my mistress."

"O—ho! I remember, now," exclaimed Harry, taking a step forward. "This is the girl we used to call Media."

"MEDIA is my name, and I once dwelt at Millbrook. You were a boy then—a playing, laughing, happy boy. Have you yet learned that there is such a thing as sorrow in the world?"

"Yes, Media,—I have learned that there are two kinds of sorrow. One kind man brings upon himself through his own sinfulness; and the other comes through sources over which he has no control. To the latter the brave and trusting heart may become resigned; but the former presents a bitter cup which may not be so easily dashed from the lips."

"You speak truly," said Allan Deane.

"Like a prophet!" added Media. And with these words she sat down and rested her brow upon her hands.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Deane, "you would like to lie down awhile."

"No, sir," she replied, "I only want food. I am very hungry. I will repose when I reach Millbrook."

Harry would have asked many questions, but the poor wanderer seemed anxious to avoid further conversation, so he left her to herself. By and by Nora came in and announced that breakfast was ready, and Mr. Deane asked Media to come out and sit with them at the table.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "Bring me a crust of bread, and I will eat it here."

"But we have room, Media?"

"Not for such as I am. Bring me something here and I will thank you."

Nora went to the woman's side, and placed her arm about her neck.

"Come," said the true-hearted girl,—"come and sit by my side. In this world of sorrow we must bear with each other. If you need a friend let me fill the blessed office."

The woman gazed up into Nora's handsome face, and a moisture gathered in her strange eyes. She caught the fair hand and pressed it to her lips, and then said, in a whisper:

"Let me eat here; and while I eat I will pray God to bless Nora Deane."

They would not urge her further; so, while the rest took their seats in the kitchen, Nora brought to Media food and drink, and left her to eat alone.

"Mr. Deane," said Harry, after the blessing had been asked, and the simple dishes had been served, "who is this Media? I remember something of her, but nothing distinctly."

"She belonged to your step-mother. When Rachel Elkins came to keep house for your father she brought this girl with her, and kept her for some years after she was married. At that time Media had the name of being a kind and faithful servant; but she was at length sold to go south. I remember her very well, and a more beautiful girl than she was in her youth I think I never saw."

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Mark Winter. "Who'd ever a' thought 'at that yer gal had black blood in her."

"She could have had but very little," replied Mr. Deane. "She was the child of a Frankfort planter, by a slave mother. This planter, I think, was a cousin of Rachel's, and he gave the child to her to be rid of it."

"She is a Quadroon, then?" said Nora.

"Yes."

"I think there was some trouble when she was sent away," remarked Harry. "I have heard the old servants talk to that effect."

"There was evidently something," returned Mr. Deane, "but what it is I never learned."

"And I suppose," interrupted Nora, who had become deeply interested, "that the poor thing has run away."

"Very likely," answered her father.

"O, I hope they will be kind to her at Millbrook."

"I shall return to-day," said Harry; "and I will look after her. If she seeks shelter there, she shall have it."

Nora answered him with a grateful look, and then went to see if the poor wanderer wanted anything more of food; but she had had enough.

"I feel better now," the quadroon said, "and shall reach Millbrook without difficulty." She took Nora's hand, and gazed once more into her face. "Nora Deane, you have been kind to me, and I hope I may at some time repay you. Strange things have happened ere this, and strange things may happen again. It is not impossible that poor Media may at some time be to you a friend in the hour of need."

"At any rate," replied Nora, with tears in her eyes, "you will let me befriend you when I can. If you need my love and care, do not hesitate to seek me."

Media kissed the hand of the noble girl, and then turned towards the door, and picked up her bundle.

"Do not stop me," she plead. "I care not to have the men gaze upon me again."

She went away, and when she had turned into the path beyond the bridge, Nora returned to the kitchen, where she found her father and Harry consulting upon the course they should next pursue.

"One thing is sartin," said Mark Winter, whose opinion had been asked, "ye had n't ort 'er stay here, had ye?"

"I think not, Mark."

"Then in course ye'll go to Bayville. There's good men thar, an' they'll stand by ye. Go thar for a leetle while, an' mebbe ye'll be able to come back here by'm by."

"Yes," said Mrs. Deane, "let us go to Bayville."

"That is the safest course," added Harry. "Go to Bayville for the present; and when this trouble is blown over you can return."

And it was decided that they would go to the settlement.

While Mr. Deane was collecting his valuable papers Harry drew Nora away into the porch, and spoke with her of their own prospects for the future.

"You were to be my wife," he said, "when you were twenty years old,—so our parents understood it. You are twenty now."

"And I am yours, dear Harry—in prosperity or in adversity—in sunshine or in shadow—all the same. When your circumstances warrant it you will take me to go with you through life."

"It shall be very soon, darling," whispered the young man, pressing her to his bosom. "It shall be very soon: and then your parents may find a home at Millbrook."

Nora clung to her lover as though she feared that danger might come between them; and he, when he held her to his breast, with his stout arms about her, inwardly prayed that the blessed prize might not be snatched from him.

Two horses had come in from the woods, probably belonging to some of Norton's gang, and these were harnessed to Mr. Deane's wagon. They did not think of moving any furniture; they only took the arms and ammunition, and the light property of value; and then closed the shutters, and locked the doors. Mark Winter said that he would find help, and come back and bury the dead horse; and as for the bodies of the dead bushwhackers, Mr. Deane meant to consult with James Nelson before taking any steps in that direction.

A feeling of sadness came to the soul of Allan Deane as he turned the key in the door of his cot. Should he ever find a home beneath that roof again? He prayed that he might; and yet he feared that a storm was at hand which would sweep it away forever. He watched the weather-beaten walls while they were in sight, and when intervening foliage shut them from his view, he turned his face and prayed that God would give him strength to pursue with firmness and honor the course which fate might open before him.

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTOPHER'S COMPANION.

Bayville was not a large town. It was simply a small settlement, upon a bend in the river of which the Millbrook stream was a branch. There were but eight dwellings, and even they were scattered along over an extent of half a mile, or more. There were also a store and four shops. The chief man at Bayville was James Nelson, the attorney, and to his house Allan Deane made his way, with his wife and daughter. Nelson was at home, and he received his visitors with a warm welcome, though he was somewhat surprised when he noticed the character and quantity of luggage which they had brought with them. But he was not left long to wonder in ignorance. Mrs. Deane and Nora were taken in charge by Mrs. Nelson, and then the clergyman related all that had befallen him since he left Millbrook.

James Nelson opened his eyes wide with astonishment; yet he was not incredulous. He knew the character of the bushwhackers, and was not at all surprised that they should wish to put out of their way so notorious a Union man as was the parson. He was only surprised at their boldness.

"However," he said, "they will hardly think of troubling you here at Bayville. You can have shelter beneath my roof as long as you wish."

Allan Deane said he should accept the kind offer, and that he was grateful therefor his words were not needed to testify. The next step was to consider what should be done with the bodies of the dead rebels at the parsonage. Mr. Nelson thought they had better be buried at once. He did not deem an inquest necessary. If, at any future period, any questions should be asked, the answer would be simple enough. If Mark Winter would return, he would send some men to help him. Of course Mark was ready to go, for such had been his plan; and in a short time he was joined by four trustworthy men who were ready to go with him. Before the trapper went away, however, Harry took him apart from his companions, and gained from him a promise that he would keep an eye open for any harm that might approach Allan Deane's household.

"For some days," said the young man, "I may be busy at Millbrook. We have trouble there, Mark."

"Ive hear'n on it, Harry; an' I reckon you'll hev about as much as you ken attend to ef ye keep matters on the chalk thar. Howsumever, you know all about that."

"I know that I have something to do, Mark."

"An' I hope ye'll do it."

"I shall try."

"A man can't do no more'n that, anyhow. Well, go ahead, Master Harry; an' leave me alone for lookin' out this way. I've got a few friends about in different places, an' I shall be likely to know what's a goin' on a'most as soon as anybody. Don't be afeared o' Miss Nora. I'll keep an eye peeled in that yer directshun, you may depend. Ef harm threatens her, you shall know it."

With this assurance Harry suffered Mark to depart, and then sought Nora. He found her alone, waiting for him; and he thought she looked troubled; but she smiled when he asked her if anything had caused her to fear for the future.

"It is not that," she said. "If I look troubled it is because we have been so wickedly driven from our home. But I do not despair, Harry. I have faith in God, and I believe that all will come out right in the end."

"I have the same faith, dearest," replied Harry, holding her by the hand. "I believe that in the end Right must triumph over Wrong; but there must be many sacrifices. Already thousands of noble lives have been offered upon the sacred altar, and many, many more shall be claimed. In the end Right shall triumph; but when shall that end be? God grant that you and I may live to enjoy the blessing!"

"Amen!" pronounced Nora, resting her head upon his bosom.

"We will hope, my beloved."

And Nora answered:

"We will hope!"

"I am going to Millbrook now," said Harry; "and when I have arranged the business which demands my attention there, I will return to you; and I trust that it will not be long before I take you to be the mistress of the old mansion."

"Will Christopher remain there?" asked Nora.

"I cannot tell. I shall not urge him to go away; nor shall I invite him to remain. However, you need not fear on his account. He will not dare to insult his brother's wife."

Nora seemed to accept the assurance, and after a few more words of love and blessing, Harry took his leave, and started back on his way to Millbrook. The distance was only six miles, and he rode slowly over the picturesque road, now watching the birds that were startled by his approach, and anon bending his head and gazing down upon his saddle-bow. This road was the base of a triangle of which the river formed one side, and the Millbrook stream the other. At the distance of a mile from Bayville it took a slight turn around an abrupt hill, which rose like a sugar-loaf out of the woods. At the distance of another mile the road struck into a low vale between two long hills, where the woods were thick, and where the shadows rested day and night. In the spring of the year this deep glen was apt to be wet and swampy; but during most of the time it was dry enough for comfort. This vale extended full two miles; and beyond that the land was higher, and covered with heavy timber to within half a mile of the mansion.

Harry was just emerging from the vale when his horse sto[illegible] with a wild snort, and attempted t[illegible] from the road. The first thought that [illegible]ed upon the rider's mind was of bushwhack[illegible] and he drew a heavy revolver which he had [illegible]ceived from Mr. Deane, and forced his horse back into the road. But it was no bushwhacker. An ebony phiz peered out from behind a big beech-tree, close by the side of the way, and presently its owner stepped forth. The horse recognized the dead master's old body-servant, and gave a whinny of satisfaction.

"Is this you, Jake?" said Harry, putting away his pistol.

"Yes, Mas'r," replied the old darkey. "I s'posed ye'd come dis way, an' I fo't I'd come an' meet ye. I hope you won't be 'fended wid me."

"Not at all, Jake."

Harry spoke kindly, for the old man before him had been one of his father's most faithful and trusty servants ever since he could remember.

"If you have anything to say, you need not be afraid to speak."

"Mas'r Harry, me know you's good an' kind; an' me b'lebe you's minded to do right; but eberybody aint so. Dar's trouble at Millbrook."

"Go on, Jake."

The old slave spoke with deep concern, and his face showed that he was ill at ease.

"Your fader, afore he died, tole me dat all his servants would be free. When he lay in his bed, dat day when you come to see him die, he said to me, says he,—'Jake, you's been a good boy, an' you shall nebber be sorry for it. I've left a paper dat'll make ye a free man.' An' den he tole me dat he should make all de rest ob 'em free, too. I t'ink he meant jes' so."

"I have no doubt of it," said Harry.

"But whar's dat paper now? O, I'se 'feared it's dead 'long wid ole Mas'r. Missus tole us dis mornin' dat we was a gwine to stay jes' whar we was, an' ef we didn't behave ourselves, we'd be sold off to go down souf. What does it mean, Mas'r?"

"My good Jake," replied Harry, "I cannot tell you yet what it means; nor can I tell you how it will end. The estate is not yet settled; and about some things I am as much in the dark as you are. I think my father wrote such a paper as you have spoken of; but we have not found it. If it has been destroyed you will have to wait patiently until I can arrange for some other settlement. You know that I would not trample upon my father's will."

"Bress yer soul, Mas'r Harry, me knows dat berry well. Ef dar's been mischief done, me know berry well who's been an' done it."

"As it is," said Harry, anxious to avoid as far as possible the casting of reproach upon his step-mother or Christopher, "you will have to wait until the matter is fixed in some way. It is not right yet to say who has done wrong, for it is not impossible that my father's will may yet come to light. If it does, all will be well. If it does not—we must make the best of it."

"Mas'r Harry," cried the old slave, "you's allers been a good, kind mas'r, an' I don't b'lebe de folks would car' to go 'way from 'ye; but, ef dat ar' will nebber turns up——"

"Well, Jake," said the young man, as the negro hesitated, "why don't you go on."

"Ef dat ar' will nebber turns up," repeated Jake, shaking his head with solemn emphasis, "who's to be Mas'r ob Millbrook?"

This question, asked so earnestly and so directly, startled Harry Marshall; but he tried to conceal the fact from the slave.

"That is a curious question, Jake. You know that I am the oldest son, and that the management of the estate must devolve upon me."

"I know it art'r 'wolve 'pon you, Mas'r Harry; but am you sartin dat it will?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

"Ah, mas'r, I don't know; but I s'pecs you'll hab some trouble. Mas'r Christopher 'pears as do' he wanted to hab his own way; an' missus, she 'pears as do' she 'tended to hab her own way, too. An' dat aint all. Missus wants Christopher to be mas'r, 'case he's her own child. Didn't ye know anyt'ing ob dis, Mas'r Harry?"

"I have seen some things, Jake, that have looked that way; but I do not trouble myself much about them. If there must come a trial of right on the old estate, I shall have the law on my side."

The old darkey shook his head again.

"Ye won't be 'fended wid me, Mas'r?"

"No, Jake,—you need not fear that."

"Den let me 'dewise you to keep yer eyes open. I'se come out here to say dis berry t'ing. Mas'r Christopher means to do sumf'n wicked; an' I don't b'lebe missus 'll try to stop him."

It was now Harry's turn to become inquisitive. He was very well aware that his brother was a plotting, unprincipled man; but he had not thought that he would dare to defy the law. He asked Jake what he had seen, and what he had heard.—What had transpired to give him so much uneasiness.

But the old slave could tell nothing clearly. He had heard many things, at different times, each so small in itself that he could not clearly call it to mind, but which had yet worked in to make up the sum of a very conclusive piece of evidence. He had perceived things. His intuition had taken in more than he could explain. In a court of justice he could not have given a particle of evidence against the honesty of Christopher Marshall's intentions; and yet, so morally certain was he from the result of his observations, that he would have pledged his life in support of his conclusion without fear or hesitation. It took him a long time, and cost him many words to answer his young master as he wished; and when he had done it, he had told Harry nothing really new, though he had fortified and strengthened opinions already held.

In the end Harry thanked his sable attendant for what he had done, and promised that Christopher should not do harm to the servants if he could prevent it.

"Dar's one t'ing, Mas'r Harry—one t'ing sartin," said Jake, as he walked along by the side of the horse,—"an' you won't be s'prised when I tell ye jes' what it am. Ef Mas'r Christopher comes into your place dar won't be many ob de ole boys left at Millbrook, and we won't gub him a chance to sell us, neider. By squash! 'taint a great ways ober into Illinois, whar de Lincum so'j'ers am! But Mas'r Harry, dar ain't a boy on the place dat would run away from you—not a bressed one."

"I don't thing there is, Jake. But tell me—what do you expect Lincoln's soldiers would do with you if you should flee to them?"

"Why, Mas'r Harry, I s'pecs as how dey'd tell us we was free men, an' ef we'd work dey'd pay us for it. Aint dat it?"

"I guess so," said the young man, with a smile; and in a moment afterwards he added—"But I hope you'll not have to run away to gain your freedom. If I gain that which my father surely left me, there will be no slaves at Millbrook, save such as belong to my step-mother. You must not speak too much of this, Jake, to the hands. Keep your eyes open, and keep your own counsel; and if you discover anything new let me know of it."

With this Harry put spurs to his horse, and reached Millbrook without further interruption. He gave his horse to the groom, and then went up to his own chamber, where he changed his dress for dinner, as it was already past noon. When he descended to the dining-room he found himself alone. He was informed by the servant in attendance that Mrs. Marshall was not well enough to leave her room, and that Christopher had gone away on horseback.

After dinner Harry met old Chloe, the housekeeper, of whom he asked more particularly after his step-mother; but she could not give much information. She had not seen "missus" since the middle of the forenoon; and she shook her head as though there was something mysterious about the affair.

"By the way," said Harry, "did a visitor arrive at Millbrook this morning?"

"Eh, mas'r—how 'd you know dat yer?"

"I saw a person coming this way."

"Did ye know who it was?"

"Yes. It was a girl that used to belong to my step-mother."

"Did ye speak wid her?"

"Yes."

"Mas'r Harry," said Chloe, with solemn emphasis, "dat ar woman oughtn't to 've come here. Dat's what's de matter wid missus, I t'ink. It war ole Media. Missus seed her a comin' fro' dis berry hall, an' she know'd her in a minnit. But she didn't speak wid her. Poor Media war tired clean out an' wanted to go to bed; an' when she'd gone misses went away to her room an' haint been out yet. I s'pecs dar's sumf'n de matter atween dem two. I s'pecs Media done sumf'n she hadn't ort'r 've done a good while ago, when you was a leetle boy. But, Lord, I don't know noff'n 'bout it."

Harry walked out into the park, and reflected upon the strange occurrences of the past few hours; but for a long time he was unable to fasten his thoughts upon any particular point. There was much to perplex him—much to worry him. And yet, as is natural under such circumstances, that which was shrouded in the deepest mystery engrossed most of his thought. Those great black eyes, with their volumes of mystic light, seemed to gleam upon him continually, and he was repeatedly asking himself what part Media was to enact in the drama that was opening before him.

He was thus meditating when the sound of horses' feet fell upon his ear, and upon looking up the road he saw his brother, not coming towards the house, but riding on towards the bridge that spanned the mill stream. And Christopher was not alone. With him rode a man with a handkerchief bound around his head—a stout, wild-looking man, with matted hair and unshaven face. It was Tom Burder, the leader of the bushwhackers!

What could Christopher Marshall be doing with such a man? Harry was startled as he had not been startled before. If his brother was in league with the rebel crew, what should be the result? Here was a cause of fear palpable and defined.

But—Christopher might only have fallen in with Tom Burder by accident.

"God grant that it may be so!" prayed Harry Marshall, as his brother and the rebel leader disappeared beyond the bridge.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE AFFECTIONS.

O, man, fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them! There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of memory—there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt. There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over at the same instant every moment of its past and present existence. Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul.

—It is an attribute of true philosophy, never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart far from the main track.

THE CASTLE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

A lonely valley—between hills almost as high and quite as bleak as the "castled crags of Drachenfels"—a valley silent, shadowy, and with the Rhine stealing through its dim recesses, and flowing out through the open country toward Cologne. Darkly the river flowed—its bed half filled with stones or decaying brushwood, and its surface coated over with a green slime near the shore. A wooden bridge on piles spanned it, and a group of tall trees grew on a small island in its centre, their trunks caressed by a species of coarse sedgy grass that swayed about with every ripple of the water like a bed of twining water-snakes. A shout or a loud laugh in this dim valley would raise a thousand echoes on the hills, and even a footstep sounded distinctly among the dead leaves or on the shelving shore. On one side of the shore were the ruins of a hut and a windmill, surrounded by a broken wall with an arch in the centre. A half effaced footpath sloped down to the water's side, and a wheel, under a small pent-house, stood between the house and the bridge. On the opposite shore the cliffs towered up towards the sky, covered here and there with a scanty vegetation and a dwarfish growth of linden trees. A ruined castle stood midway up the height, and looked as if it was just on the point of tumbling into the valley below.

It was a lonely place, and had its own sad tale. The Lord of the Castle had loved the miller's daughter and won her, though not for his bride. Deserted and betrayed, she wandered about the country, and saw her father die through grief for her. Count Rudolph returned with a fair young wife and an infant son, and when she went to the castle his menials scourged her from the gates. That night the countess and her child were found dead within their castle beds, their faces black and distorted and the marks of fingers on their throats, while the body of the miller's daughter floated on the stream beside her early home. The valley was deserted, and Count Rudolph died abroad, a moody and a melancholy man. But the legend ran that always, on the anniversary of that terrible night, sights were seen and sounds were heard and lights flitted through the haunted valley, so that no villager even dared to pass through it, though the mines of Golconda might be waiting for him on the other side. A ghost is a better guardian for a treasure, by the way, than the best patent locks.

On the very day before that fated one, not many years ago, a young girl was sitting alone on the bank of the river, just opposite the bridge and water-wheel, and the ruined stone wall. Evidently a peasant girl, and wearing the black laced boddice and white sleeves that marked her station, while her broad straw hat and a roll of white cloth were lying on the ground by her side. A great rock formed her seat, and she was looking thoughtfully down the stream towards the place where poor Bertha had been found. A golden light lay on the hills, and about the old castle walls—a light that was reflected even in the dark water, and penetrated the gloom upon the other side. The girl was young and pretty, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and with a thoughtful, earnest type of face that one often meets with among the German peasantry. She looked happy—the place and her own thoughts suited her. She delighted in tales of gnomes and ghosts and spirits, and was not afraid to recall the legend of the valley, and to fancy that Bertha had once rested on the very stone where she was sitting.

By-and-by, as the sun sloped downward in the west, she leaned her cheek upon her hands and began to sing. She was waiting for her lover, who had gone out through the gorge for his herd of cows and goats. Waiting for a lover is always a weary piece of business, and I think she was wise to beguile the time as she did. But hers was no sentimental love-song; the old tales and legends were in her mind, and she sang about the Lorelei, who sits upon a high rock in the middle of the stream, combing her golden hair with a golden comb, and singing, singing, while her victims look and long and love, and going down into the boiling Maelstrom beneath, perish miserably, while she sings on.

The mariner gazes and listens,
He heeds not the whirlpool below,
He watches the white hand that beckons,
The breast that is purer than snow!
Down—down! the deep waves have engulfed him!
His love and his death have been one
And this with her wonderful singing,
Has the treacherous Lorelei done!

There was a trampling and lowing in the glen behind, as the girl finished singing, and a loud, cheery voice cried out:

"Edla—Edla!"

She smiled to herself, and the color flew up into her cheeks. But she did not answer—she kept looking down the stream. The trampling and lowing came nearer; three fine cows walked gravely into the shallow water, and, seeing her, gave a toss of their heads before they stooped down to drink, as much as to say—"How do you do, Edla? We are glad to get down from the mountain and to see you again."

The rest of the herd followed—the goats scampering giddily over the sloping pathway, and the cows walking solemnly and sedately on, followed by their master, a tall, athletic young man, wearing a velvet vest, and shirt-sleeves of the whitest muslin gathered in a band at the wrist. His hat was off and his black hair was blowing round his handsome brown face, while a pair of merry hazel eyes were fixed upon the figure of the girl. In one hand he carried a bunch of fragrant flowers, a silver whistle hung at the button-hole of his vest, and finding that his betrothed seemed to pay no attention to his presence, he put it to his lips and blew a loud, shrill note. She laughed and held up her hand to stop him, and he leaped over the wall and came and laid his flowers on her lap.

"I gathered them for you on the heights above the castle," he said, proudly, as she took them up with a little cry of delight. "I have not seen such lovely things for many a day. You must go up there with me next summer, Edla—it is just the place you would love: wild and bleak, with the hills on every side, and nothing but the ruins below."

The girl's eyes kindled as she raised the flowers to her lips.

"I should like it, I know. How very kind of you to bring me these."

"I would bring you my head if you took a fancy to it, dear Edla," he said, gayly, as he seated himself beside her and put his arm around her waist.

And her dreamy blue eyes looked straight into his as she answered:

"I think you would, Wilhelm. I think—I *know*," she added, blushing slightly, "how much you love me."

"Ah, dear Edla, I only wonder how I lived at all before I knew you. And when our wedding-day comes and you are really my own, and I take you home to the little cottage on the hill-side, I fancy sometimes I shall die of joy."

She smiled and sighed.

"No—people never die of pure joy, my good Wilhelm. I am very sure of that. And—and I think I would much rather have you

live. How happy we shall be in that little cottage!"

"Angel!"

"You must not kiss me so. Look at old Bridget, the brown cow, how sensible her eyes are now she is looking at us. I am very sure she knows how well we love each other."

"My good child, I am perfectly willing she should. But talk to me more about that cottage of ours. It is like heaven to hear you speak of it in your soft voice, or to think that one day we shall be living in it together."

"Well, listen. I went to see it the other day, when I was going with my basket of eggs and butter to the market town. Only the four walls are there, and yet my heart warms whenever I see them. The sun was shining so brightly, and a little bird came and sat upon the honeysuckle that grows over the door and sang. Such a strange song—only one note, and very clear and sweet, but also very sad. I listened for a long while, and then—shall I tell you what I did then, Wilhelm?"

"You thought of me."

"Oh, I thought of you all the time. But when the bird sang I sat down upon the threshold, that I never will cross till you lead me over it, and wept."

"Edla!"

"Yes—I wept. For, I know not why, but the bird's song seemed a warning. And while I sat there in the sunshine, it spread its wings and flew away. Never before have I heard such a note, or seen such a bird—a little brown creature, with white spots upon its wings."

"A swallow."

"No; I know the swallow well. It was a strange bird; and the thought came over me that it had come to warn me, and that I should never live in the pretty cottage with you after all, Wilhelm."

Her voice faltered, and her head sank down upon her lover's breast. He looked down and kissed her fondly.

"Why, you are weeping again, Edla. Silly child! You brood too much over these old stories and legends; you make yourself unhappy with them. How hard it is to think that our happiness is delayed for such a paltry thing as a little money. When I think about it, dear Edla, I grow wild, and am half tempted to leave these hills and seek my fortune in a great city like Brussels or Munich, and never come back till I am rich enough to take you for my wife."

"Nay—you could not have the heart to leave your poor Edla," she said, clinging to him caressingly, and smoothing away the frown on his brow with her light kisses. "Have patience, and the dowry will come."

"And where from, Edla?"

"How should I know!" she said, laughingly. "Perhaps Count Rudolph himself will come back and give it to us."

"Heaven forbid!" said the young man, shuddering, and looking up at the castle.

The glow of sunset had faded away, and the ruined towers stood out in bold relief against the darkening sky. The shadows of evening were deepening around them, the river looked black and cold, and the night wind, creeping up the valley, whispered mysteriously among the leaves and the trees above them. Edla's eyes grew dreamy as she gazed around, but Wilhelm looked uneasy.

"Come Edla," he said, rising from his seat. "The night is close at hand, and we shall hardly reach the village before dark. See—the cows are already half way through the glen, with old Bridget at their head."

"Oh, stay—a moment."

"Not for worlds! Why, you silly child, have you forgotten that to-morrow is the very day when the countess died? Who knows what we might see here."

She laughed, and let him lead her away. But she paused at the entrance of the glen and looked back, as if she was not averse to seeing whatever might be lurking there.

CHAPTER II.

Edla was the daughter of the village innkeeper, and her lover was only a herdsman in the employ of a rich farmer in the neighborhood. They had little except love to look forward to in the future, and yet they longed to share it together, and would have done so at once, had they been possessed of sufficient money to furnish their little cottage and begin housekeeping. The innkeeper was very poor, and had a large family to support—it was useless to expect much aid from him; and Wilhelm was an orphan, and had no rich relatives to lend him a helping hand. So these faithful lovers had little prospect of being united as soon as they could wish, but they clung to each other tenderly, and set an example of fidelity in adversity, which many of us, whose seats are higher in the synagogue of life, would do well to imitate.

On the evening of which I write, they separated at the entrance to the village, and Edla hurried on to the little inn, leaving her lover to seek his master's home. A carriage stood at the door as she entered, and several horses were being led towards the stables, while her father was dragging two bulky portmanteaus into the hall. He looked up as she came beside him.

"Who is it, father?" she asked.

"Two English lords, I fancy, from the way in which they fling their money about. They have ordered dinner in half an hour, and it is to be served in the red room that looks out on the garden. Go you and wait upon them, my little Edla."

"Will they stay long?" asked the girl.

"I cannot tell. They are here to see the old castle and the haunted glen. Go to your chamber, and lay aside your hat, and smooth your hair—it is sadly disarranged."

"The wind, father," said Edla with a crimson blush, as she ran up the broad oaken stairs. He gazed after her with a fond smile.

"'The wind, father.' Yes, yes. The same wind, warrant me, that used to blow when her mother walked with me in the glen so many years ago. Poor child! I wish Wilhelm had as much gold as goodness and honesty, and she should not wait long for her wedding day."

When Edla came down into the end parlor, the dinner was ready and the guests sitting at the table. They were young, and rather good looking Englishmen, and less stiff and ceremonious than representatives of that respected nation are wont to be, at home and abroad. When Edla, with her black boddice and blue shirt and fresh ribbons in her fair hair, came to serve them, they looked at her admiringly and at each other approvingly, but said nothing, for they had not long escaped from Oxford, and every one knows that Oxford men, when once shoved out from under the sheltering wings of Alma Mater, are as shy and awkward, (in spite of their wickedness,) as human beings can well be. Edla wondered secretly at them, and went to her own chamber after all her duties were done, thinking how much more like a lord her Wilhelm would look if he were only in their places. She was mistaken, of course, for Wilhelm, who made a gay and handsome peasant, would have been dreadfully out of place in the noble shoes of a peer of the realm—but Edla was not the first woman on earth to make a blunder—and it is a pleasant and a harmless occupation—this amusing ourselves by thinking our own geese, swans. The next day was spent by the brothers, Ralph and Edward Clare, (for so their owners had given their names,) in visiting the ruins and climbing the heights behind the castle, and the mountains still beyond. They came home, late in the afternoon, terribly tired, but in high spirits, and full of the wonders of the place.

"I mean to stay here for a month," cried out Ralph, the elder brother, as Edla filled his cup for the fourth time with strong black tea. "My pretty maiden, do you ever visit the ruins?"

"Often, sir. I was there only yesterday—just before you came;" and at the thought of who was beside her, Edla blushed charmingly.

"And now tell us truly—did you ever see one of those wonderful hobgoblins that are said to prowl about the place? My brother and I hunted in every corner to-day and begged them, as civilly as we could, to appear, but they did not take the slightest notice of us, or our invitation."

"Perhaps, sir, if it had been at night, they would have been more ready to see you," said Edla with a roguish smile, that was answered by another, equally roguish from Edward Clare.

"Do you mean to say, my good girl," he asked, "that you really believe all that trash about the ghosts in the glen?"

"My grandfather said before he died that he saw them, on this night of the year."

"He was a worthy old man I have no doubt," persisted the young man, smiling at her evasion, "but did *you* ever see them, Miss Edla?"

"No, sir, because I never went to the glen on this night—and they never come at any other time."

"I wish all ghosts had as good manners," exclaimed Ralph. "What do you say, Edward; will you go up to the castle with me to-night?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow. I have not the slightest desire to meet any of the worthy people. I prefer friends in the body to friends out of it."

His brother laughed scornfully.

"Ah, I thought so. You are afraid to go, and so am I. We may as well own it; and you, Miss Edla, too. Perhaps we may all feel very bold just here, in this snug room and by this warm fire; but I dare say if we were on the castle hill, and saw something white before us, we should take to our heels without stopping to see if it was a ghost's pocket handkerchief, or a streak of moonlight shining through a cloud. And yet we men have the insufferable audacity to call ourselves brave."

"Don't begin to moralize, Ralph—there's a good fellow," said Edward. "I think I can undertake to find some one who will solve all our doubts for us. My pretty Edla, do you think I could prevail on any of the villagers to go there if I offered gold enough?"

"Oh, no."

"Why?"

"No one would go for love or money into the glen to-night."

"Would not you?"

Edla hesitated and turned rather pale. She did not fear the place as many did; but then she had never ventured there on any evening, and this of all others. Edward Clare saw her perplexity and enjoyed it.

"Come, pretty one, confess you are a coward like all the rest of us."

"I am not, sir."

"Prove it, then," he said, jestingly. "Will you go to the castle to-night, and alone, if I will give you more gold th[an y]ou ever had in your whole life before?"

"How much, sir?"

"Let me see; will fifty of our English sovereigns satisfy you?"

"What nonsense, Edward," exclaimed his brother. "You shall not tempt the poor child into any such foolish expedition."

"Let me alone, Ralph. I have not the slightest fear of her going. Come, Edla, what do you say? I will give you the fifty sovereigns, and you shall carry a lantern, and take any female friend who is bold enough to accompany you as far as the castle gates. But beyond those you must proceed alone. Do you agree to this?"

Edla stood and thought. Fifty pounds? Why, she and Wilhelm could live in splendor for such a sum as that. They could be married the very next week if they chose. And it was nothing wrong she was about to do. If the spirits were really abroad, as people said, they could not have the heart to hurt a simple girl like her. And her foster-mother, old Gretchen, who had lived in her father's house for years, would certainly accompany her. She looked up at Edward Clare, who stood awaiting her answer, and said simply:

"I will go."

He burst out laughing.

"I really believe you would. Look at her face, Ralph. Pshaw, my child, I was only jesting. You are far too young and pretty to be carried off alive by the ghost of some envious countess, or miller's daughter. Bide at home to-night, Edla; it is the best place for us all, I dare say."

He rose from the table and took up Galignani. And Edla went out of the room, feeling, I dare say, much as the milkmaid did who raised her castles in the air so high that they quite upset the can upon her head, and sent her humble fortune down upon the ground again. She ran to Gretchen's brick-floored room and took counsel with her, and we all know that when two women lay their heads together some one is sure to be hoodwinked immediately afterwards.

That evening, when Edla brought in the candles, she found Edward Clare sitting by the fire alone and looking thoughtfully into the blaze. He started up when she entered, but seeing who it was sat down again.

"Well, my little ghost seer."

"Did I startle you, sir?"

"Perhaps. To tell the plain truth, I was thinking about the old castle. What kind of a night is it?"

"Fair and bright, sir; and the moon is shining."

He got up and went to the window.

"So it is. Do you know, Edla, I cannot get the glen out of my mind. I saw a lovely place there to-day—a kind of pool that the river makes by the old bridge as it turns; who would think that so small a stream was the Rhine itself! Do you know the place?"

"Oh, so well. It is my favorite spot. I always sit there when I visit the glen. And often I have sat there for hours—never speaking or stirring—quite alone—only looking at the water and thinking."

"I understand. There is a magic about the place, I think. It fascinated me to-day, and I sat there till Ralph was forced to come and drag me away. But did you ever see it by moonlight?"

"No, sir."

"I have a strange fancy that I should like to visit it then. I know just how the place would look—the solemn trees, the lonely hill, the dark old bridge, the moonlight lying on the water and swaying and shimmering about as it came up against the bridge with a sullen swell; the cool night wind blowing through the gorge and the trees shivering and whispering as it passed —ah, yes!"

He drew a long quivering sigh and paced up and down the room. Edla watched him with delighted eyes. Uneducated as she was, her mind was full of wild beauty and poetry, and the young man's words touched a chord in her inmost heart. He was an artist and a poet; she too was a poet, though she knew it not. And as the silent glen and the rapid river, with the silvery moonlight lying on its breast, rose up before her, her desire to see it in reality grew so strong, that her last fear vanished, and she was only too eager to go.

She waited in the room, and the young man, cooling down from his enthusiasm and feeling ashamed of it, as we are always ashamed of what is best and noblest within us, began to laugh.

"Well, Edla, do you think I have gone mad of a sudden, or are you getting wild too, and feeling that you should like to set off this moment to see the haunted glen."

She smiled, and began to say what she and Gretchen had arranged should be said.

"Ah, sir, I think you are quite right, and that it is not best for me to go. But I have been speaking of it to some one else, and if you really wish it, two other persons will go."

"Two men?"

"No, sir—two women. The men would be afraid," and as she uttered this innocent sarcasm her white teeth shone like pearls.

"For shame, Edla! I have a great mind to set out myself after that provoking speech."

"You had better not, sir," she said, demurely. "As for these old women——"

"They are both old then?"

"Why, what would you have?" she said, lightly. "You refused to let me go, and every other young girl would have the same objections."

"True; well, what about these old women?"

"They will go for the reward you offer. Both will go to the gates of the castle, and one will enter. That one is to have thirty-five of the sovereigns, the other fifteen."

Edward Clare was silent for a moment.

"Would you like the mystery explained, Edla? Would you really like to know if anything is there or not?"

"Yes, sir—very much."

"Then I will send there. Tell your old women to make themselves ready as soon as possible, or I am afraid the revels will begin before they can get to the glen."

"And if you please, sir," she said, with a look of lurking mischief in her blue eyes, "I suppose you would not mind giving them a glass of wine before they go."

"Not I," he said, cheerfully. "Give the dear old ladies a bottle to carry with them, if they like. By Jove, if I was going I would arm myself with a dozen of champagne, and if anything very unsubstantial came near me, I would drink its health. Are your friends provided with lanterns, Edla?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I hope they are not cripples, either of them."

"No, sir; why?"

"Nothing—only they may find a strong pair of legs rather serviceable before they come home. Tam O'Shanter's mare made use of four. Did you ever read Tam O'Shanter, Edla?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you shall have that pleasure to-morrow. And tell your old ladies to remember if they are pursued, that in such cases it is generally 'the devil take the hindmost.' Will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"One thing more before you go. Am I to see them off?"

"If you like, sir. Only please don't let your brother know; nor my father either. If he knew that any such thing was to be done, I think he would almost die."

"God forbid that I should shorten his days then, my dear. I will be as discreet as—as a woman, Edla."

"Ah, sir, if men were always that the world would go on much better [than] it does, I fancy."

"Why, you little gipsy, do you mean to say you think we cannot keep a secret?"

"I do not think it—I know it," she said, demurely. "But I must go to my old women now, if you please, sir."

He had been standing with his back to the door, but now he moved away.

"And when am I to see them and give them my blessing before they start?"

"Do you know the side entrance, sir?"

"Yes."

"Come there in half an hour, sir, and you will see them as they go. But pray let no one watch you."

"Never fear; no one shall see me."

No one did see him; and before the half hour struck he was standing in the side door, smoking his meerschaum, and looking up at the moon, who rode fair in a deep-blue sky. At last there came a shuffling tread in the passage, and two old women, somewhat bent, and each carrying a lantern and stick in her hand, passed out. They made a respectful reverence as they passed him.

"Hulloa, my worthy dames!" he exclaimed. "Where is Edla?"

The foremost one raised her stick and pointed to the window of the room they had left, where a light was still burning.

"Oh, she is there, is she? Well, good night. I hope I shall see you sound in wind and limb again to-morrow morning."

They curtsied again, mumbled out a good night and a blessing, and went on their way. Edward Clare, leaning against the latticed porch of the door, smoked quietly, and looked at Edla's window all the while.

Meanwhile, *Edla* and *Gretchen* threaded their way unseen through the village streets, and clasping each other's hands when they left the high road, ran gaily and with many a hearty laugh till they stood beside the old bridge in the haunted glen.

All was still, except the stirring of the trees in the soft night wind, and the subdued murmur of the water as it swelled against the wooden pier. "The moonlight slept on castle, rock and hill," and Edla, whose mind was still running on the words of Edward Clare, sat down upon her favorite stone and looked into the water. Gretchen looked at her a moment in dumb astonishment, and then pulled her roughly from her seat.

"Now may the Virgin protect us! Are you mad, child, to sit down there?"

"Why what harm can that do?"

"Oh, blessed Saint Gwendeline, only to hear her! Is not the miller's daughter abroad; and the countess; to say nothing of that wicked man her husband. There is no use in wasting masses on him."

"Whatever may be abroad to-night will never harm us," said Edla, slowly, as she began to ascend the hill.

"No, you are right. Did I not bring my Rosary with me, the very one that Father Francis (may his soul rest in peace!) gave me last Easter, and that has touched the shrine of the most Holy Sepulchre, the House at Loretto, and the relics of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne. And if that is not enough, I have brought my little basin of holy water along," and drawing from under her cloak a small alabaster vial with a little brush attached, she flourished it right and left with an energy that could not have been very agreeable to the goblins (if any there were) murmuring at the same time, an exorcisste "taught from the lips of Father Francis himself." At this Edla burst out laughing. The old woman turned to her with an angry scowl.

"That I should live to see my poor mistresses' daughter a heretic!"

"Don't scold me, mother Gretchen," said Edla with a bewitching smile. "If you were cross to me now, and any goblin should carry me off, you would always be sorry for it, you know."

"True."

Without another word the good old dame followed her nursling up the steep hill, muttering Aves all the way, and taking a stealthy opportunity now and then, when Edla was not looking, to sprinkle the barren ground and the hem of her own garments with the brush she still carried in her hand. Outside the castle gate they stopped, and (for all sects are alike in this, that they have one Father and one God,) asked protection of one who was able and willing to give it, before they passed the boundary. Edla was the first to enter.

The court-yard was overgrown with weeds and nettles, and half-covered with the ruins of the inner wall, which no mortal hand had ever ventured to repair. The moon shone bright and clear, and picking their way between the fallen stones, they went under the low arch which formed the only entrance, and stood within the great hall of the castle.

The great hall—once the seat of revelry and wassail, but now floored with the moist ground, roofed by the blue sky, and the home of lizards, owls and bats. Beyond lay the remains of a suite of apartments, with a winding turret stair, overgrown with ivy, and thus, perhaps, held to the wall of which it formed a part. The kitchens and offices lay in one undistinguishable mass of ruins, but the chapel was in excellent preservation—a part, even of the stained window above the altar remaining in its frame. Here they paused for awhile; Gretchen, panting and terrified at every shadow, knelt down before the high altar, and told her beads with devout thankfulness, that so much of the adventure had been accomplished in safety, while Edla leaned against a broken pillar, and looked around with a keen enjoyment of the scene, not unmixed with a little timidity at the thought of the return which was yet to be made. As she gazed idly through the broken postern door, she was startled by a shadow which fell upon the ground outside, and she could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw it appear again, and this time accompanied by another—a monstrous four-footed creature, with huge horns. Gretchen started up at hearing her cry, and came towards her.

"What is it?"

"Hush! do you not see?" and laying her hand on the old woman's arm, she pointed to the moving shadows.

"What do I see! A man, and the foul fiend himself! It is Count Rudolph and his master, I will be bound! Now may the Virgin help us! I am sorely afraid all the holy water is gone, and what shall I do? Out upon that mad Englishman, that would have had an honest woman venture into this horrid place alone! It is well we did not follow his bidding. But what shall we do? I am quaking with affright already."

"Be silent, and follow me. Pray with all your might, my good Gretchen, but not aloud."

"What will you do?"

"Escape, if it is possible. After all, the thing cannot hurt us, and we must not give up for a shadow. Think of the fifty golden guineas that will be ours to-morrow."

"Aye—there is something worth thinking of," muttered the old woman, who loved the sight and sound of money. "May Saint Gwendeline reward the Englishman for proposing it, and get us safely home," she added, in a lower voice.

Hand in hand they stole softly down to the great door of the chapel, which would let them out into the courtyard, at a point very near the entrance of the castle. The shadows were stationary and well defined in the moonlight. Old Gretchen groaned at the sight, and slinked her brush against the vase she carried, though the holy water was all gone. At the sound, slight though it was, there was a rustle and stir on the other side of the ivied wall—the shadows moved, and a tall figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, came quickly round the angle and stood before them.

"The saints preserve us!" exclaimed Gretchen; "it is the Count himself!" And she tumbled backwards, and lay like a log upon the ground; while her companion, sick with terror, gazed at the apparition, and tried to speak, but in vain.

"Edla! why, Edla! what is the meaning of all this?" said a familiar voice; and with a scream of joy she sprang forward, and was folded in the arms of Wilhelm.

"How came you here?" asked the young man, in utter astonishment.

"I came to win a wager, Wilhelm, and the dowry will be no longer wanting now!" she said, clinging securely to him. "I will tell you all about it, as we go. But what brought you here, of all people in the world?"

He led her around the building, where a fine cow was grazing. She looked up and lowed as they came near, and Edla laughed.

"Brown Bridget strayed away from the fold to-night, and I love her too well to lose her, because, as you know, she is to go with us to our home. So I followed her—even though she brought me through the glen, and here."

"We saw your shadows as we stood in the chapel, and poor Bridget—we thought her the fiend himself!"

"Aye—I fancied I heard steps and voices inside, and I was waiting, little expecting to see so agreeable a ghost."

"Saint Gwendeline protect us? Where is the holy water," said a doleful voice, and turning, the lovers saw Gretchen sitting upon the ground rubbing her eyes and making the sign of the cross as she gazed upon them.

It took little to convince her of Wilhelm's identity, and driving Brown Bridget before them, the happy party went safely out from the castle walls and down through the haunted glen without meeting either the count, the miller's daughter, or any of the personages usually supposed to inhabit it. Before the next evening the nocturnal adventure was noised about in the village, and the worthy inn-keeper could hardly answer half the questions that poured in upon him about the daughter of whom he was now more than ever proud. The little parish church would not hold the crowds of peasants who flocked the next week to see the wedding of Wilhelm and Edla; so the bridal rejoicings were kept in the glen—haunted no longer, except by happy faces and voices full of glee. But the two Englishmen were not present. The younger had grown suddenly grave when the handsome shepherd escorted the two "old women" to the inn, and paying his wager with an additional gift of thirty guineas to the fair bride, he had departed, three days before the wedding. A fair face smiles upon him now in his own home —it has smiled all pain away—and he often tells the story of the Haunted Castle by the Rhine to his children as they climb upon his knee at night.

—Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The gentle tendrils of woman's heart sometimes twine around a proud and sinful spirit like roses and honeysuckles around a lightning-rod—clinging for support to what brings down upon them the blasting thunderbolt.

The gift that distinguishes man from the other animals is the very one he most abuses—speech. Probably at the next Babel-building, his speech, instead of being confounded, will be taken away altogether.

A person's secrets, like the figures upon the magic porcelain of the Chinese, are invisible when the vessels are empty, but apparent when they are filled with liquor.

There are calumnies that kill women, but do only a slight injury to men, as certain reptiles kill with poison in the warm months and only wound in the cold ones.

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our hearts; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

If a man has not either great men or great objects before him, his powers degenerate as the magnet's do when it has lain a long time without being turned toward the right corners of the world.

An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable, a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad, an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

We nearly always talk of a thing before we do it; every action, like a statue, is first modelled in the poor wax of words.

A cold moment shuts up to lovers, as a cold night does to bees, the flowers out of which they take the honey.

Virtue which swells out and fills every inlet along the shore is far better than that which rises in spouting-horns.

The circumstances in which certain substances are brought together decide whether they shall become otto of rose or street gas.

Some persons can be roused to exertion only in a strife for superiority. They cannot feel the spur except in a cock-fight.

When the fire of two young hearts is burning purest upon the altar, fathers and mothers must sometimes set on a pot to boil.

We hate your perpetual visitors—persons whose vehicles go from door to door like milk-carts or bread-wagons.

No mouse has a narrower or meaner hole than many a person who vauntingly "retires into his own mind."

There were four rivers of Adam's Paradise. There are four of every man's paradise—Love, Hope, Memory, and Truth.

The greatest men in the world might, but for accidental circumstances, have been as nameless clay as any that nurtures the grass of a village churchyard.

The forest, the mountain and the cloud, like an echo, speak so many the more syllables to the soul the farther off they are.

If fetters were forged for all men who make bad use of their limbs, probably not enough iron would be left for spades, hoes, and plow-shares.

Of all beings in the world, the greatest is man, and what is greatest in man is his heart.

The true man is undazzled by a star when it glitters on the breast of a ruffian or a dunce.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

By walking, a man rests and recovers himself for climbing; by little joys and duties for great.

The musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

When you are running from a mad bull, to be slow isn't to be sure.

A lady who wears a pretty little slipper is often loved by the foot.

The busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A gentleman who was hunting one day not long since in Dutchess County, was attacked by a large snake of the black snake species, in resentment of the hunter's interference with its attempted appropriation of a squirrel which he had just shot. The snake darted at the hunter and tried to coil about him; but he struck the reptile with his gun and got away from it, and then shot off a part of its head. This disabled the snake, and the hunter trampled it to death under his feet. It was about nine feet in length.

A large crowd was collected about a horse and carriage in Broome street, one evening lately, in which a man and woman were having a wordy contention as to the direction in which they should drive—the man wanting to go over to see a lady friend in Brooklyn, and the woman declaring that, as the horse and carriage were hers, they should not be put to any such use—should never stand before the door of that "vile creature," &c., &c. The contest was at last settled by the man's driving off in an up-town direction.

Quite an excitement was occasioned in First avenue, one day not long since, by the antics of a horse that was supposed to be mad. The animal kicked the wagon to which it was attached in pieces, tore the driver's coat nearly off of him, and charged furiously upon the crowd—kicking, striking with its forefeet, and trying to bite, in a manner which scattered the spectators in terror. A rope was at last thrown over its neck, and another around its forelegs, wherewith it was finally brought under subjection.

An elderly man, in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded, ran down Fulton street one day lately, screaming at the top of his voice, and leaped into the East river near Fulton ferry. He was rescued after considerable trouble, and seeming to have come to his right mind, stated that he was laboring under the delusion that the Evil One was pursuing him, when he ran and jumped into the river, and that it seemed to him that if he could once get into the water he would be safe from his diabolical pursuer.

Wilhelmina Dorsheim, a girl living in Hoboken, accidentally set her clothes on fire at the kitchen range, as she was making a bowl of hot punch for her mistress, and becoming frightened, she ran up and down the kitchen stairs, screaming in agony, until she became suffocated by the flame and smoke which enveloped her face, and she fell while running down the stairs for the third time, and rolled to the bottom of the flight. Before the flames could be extinguished she had become so badly burned that death ensued in a few hours.

A painful accident occurred on Broadway, opposite the Park, the other day. An elderly gentleman, who seemed to be in feeble health, was walking slowly along, with trembling steps, and stepping upon a peach skin that had been thrown upon the sidewalk, he slipped, and falling heavily, his head came in contact with the edge of a stone raised a few inches above the sidewalk, whereby he was knocked senseless and injured so severely that he died in the course of the next day.

A woman of prepossessing appearance was found in the City Hall Park, one evening lately, in a state of supposed intoxication; but, on being taken to the hospital, it was found that the unfortunate lady was suffering from illness and was partially out of our mind. After considerable difficulty, her name and residence were ascertained and she was taken home. It seems that she had been wandering about the city for hours.

The German farmers in Northwestern Texas are reported to have banded together in considerable numbers for protection against the rebel guerrillas, and it is stated that a contest between them and a band of roving robbers resulted in the defeat of the latter and the death of several of their number.

A man attempted to carry off a child from Madison Square, one day lately, but the child cried and screamed so loudly that a crowd gathered around, and the man seeming to get frightened, dropped the child and ran off. The child did not know the man.

Several young men, living in Westchester county, who had come to the city to have a good time, got rather too drunk for safe perambulation of the city, and falling into the hands of the Philistines, fared badly, losing their money and watches.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 33.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, JULIAN MAJOREAN, ATHEMIUS, RICIMIER AND OLIBRIUS.

The Emperor Honorius died in the year 423. The Roman empire, which had now been, for several centuries, in the convulsions of dissolution, was, at this time, shorn of all its ancient glory and of nearly all its power. A few spasmodic struggles alone remained, ere the empire sank into its grave. Theodosius, the powerful emperor of the East, by the right of might, placed his cousin Valentinian on the dilapidated throne of the Cæsars. The child emperor was affianced to Eudoxia, the infant daughter of Theodosius. At the same time Theodosius cut off a large slice from the eastern frontier of the Roman empire which he annexed to his own domain.

During the minority of Valentinian, his mother, Placidia, administered the government. Being an exceedingly ambitious woman, she was guilty of the most atrocious and unpardonable of earthly crimes,—that of enervating her son by leading him into all dissolute habits. She had two generals to conduct her armies, who, in their achievements, exhibited the last expiring gleams of Roman energy and power. Genseric, King of the Vandals, landed in Africa and swept that realm like the simoom of the desert. The swarthy Moors formed an alliance with the blue-eyed warriors from Germany, and together they satiated appetite and passion in the unchecked career of conquest.

The belt of the African continent which bordered the Mediterranean was very populous and was filled with monuments of Roman taste and greatness. The Vandals seldom spared age or sex. Cities, villages, orchards, were unsparingly destroyed. Thus Africa passed forever from the dominion of Rome. The Huns, in almost countless numbers, having compelled the Eastern empire to purchase peace with them, by the payment of an annual subsidy, commenced their march for the subjugation of the West. The world-renowned Attila, whose devastations had secured for him the designation of the "Scourge of God," led these locust legions. Terror was before them and desolation behind. The decaying empire could no longer command resources of resistance. The emperor, helpless, sheltered behind the walls of Ravenna, ignobly sought to purchase peace with the invaders by offering Attila his sister in marriage, with an immense dowry. No tongue can tell the woe with which these barbarians were desolating Italy. Five hundred thousand of the most savage "dogs of war" ever let loose upon earth swept the realm. All Venetia was given up to flame and slaughter. A few thousand wretched fugitives escaped to some marshy islands which were slightly elevated above the waves of the Adriatic. Here they laid the foundations of Venice, that beautiful city of the sea, whose subsequent splendor almost rivalled that of ancient Rome. Attila boasted that "the grass never grows upon the spot where my horse has placed his hoof."

The haughty warrior condescended to accept the bride the Roman emperor offered him as a ransom for Italy; and ordered her to be immediately sent to his barbaric palace, beyond the Danube. The trembling princess was conveyed to him under a strong and splendid escort, and, as was befitting a monarch, the nuptials were celebrated with great festivity and pomp. Heated with wine, the burly savage retired to his apartment with his bride. The morning dawned, but neither the king nor the princess appeared from the bridal chamber. Hour after hour passed and the attendants ventured no interruption. At length alarm spread through the palace. Timidly the door was opened. The princess was sitting at the bedside veiled, and almost dead with terror. Attila was in the bed, a cold and lifeless corpse. In the night an artery had burst, and he was suffocated in his own blood. His funeral was attended by his warriors with hideous orgies. In military evolutions the well-drilled bands wheeled around the corpse, singing funeral songs, and gashing themselves with their keen blades. "A chieftain," they said, "should be bemoaned, not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors."

There was a short respite for Rome. But the cup of her iniquities was full, and divine vengeance could not slumber long. Valentinian was a thoroughly corrupt and shameless man. A Roman lady of beauty and piety he so grossly wronged, that her husband, the senator Maximus, plunged a dagger into the tyrant's heart. The soldiers rewarded the regicide by placing the crown upon his brow. Eudoxia, the widow of Valentinian, appealed for vengeance to Genseric, the Vandal king, who had conquered and ravaged Africa. Eagerly the barbarian grasped at the opportunity to invade Italy. With a large fleet he crossed the sea, entered the Tiber, captured Rome after a severe battle, in which Maximus was slain. For fourteen days the miserable city was surrendered to be sacked by the Moors and the Vandals.

Eudoxia herself and her two daughters were carried off into Africa as slaves. Thousands of Roman youth of both sexes, free born Romans, were compelled to drink of that bitter cup of slavery which their fathers had so often pressed to the lips of others. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The young men were compelled to serve barbaric tribes in the most menial service, while the proud matrons and maidens of Rome were doomed to the ignominy of barbarian harems. History surely teaches that God is an avenger.

The dismembered empire, with its capitol in ruins, surrendered to anarchy, was again without a head. The senate chose Julian Majorean Emperor. The soldiers in Gaul chose one of their generals, Avitus, to the imperial command. The two Emperors were marching against each other, with all the menace of civil war, when Avitus providentially died. Julian now endeavored to drive the Moors and Vandals out of Italy. But these fierce warriors routed his effeminate bands as wolves scatter sheep. The blow crushed Julian, and in five days he died bitterly. Severus succeeded him. He left no history. We can only say that he was crowned and died.

Italy was now so utterly demoralized, that it could not make even an effort to redeem itself. In compassion the emperor of the Western Empire sent from Constantinople a man by the name of Athemius, clothed in imperial purple, and endeavored to place him upon the throne. Rome, feeble, poor and proud, resented the insult, and in the tumult of a mob Athemius chanced to be slain. The ringleader of the mob, a Roman bully, Ricimier by name, endeavored to grasp, in his own hands, the tangled reins of power. For forty days the mob, under Ricimier, held Rome. They were days of universal plunder, debauchery and violence, and the guilty city drank the cup of misery to the dregs. The wretched Ricimier indulged in such boundless license that he was seized with a violent disease and suddenly died.

Constantinople in despair sent another emperor, Olibrius, to endeavor to arrest the progress of anarchy in Rome. For seven months he struggled against unsurmountable difficulties, and in exhaustion died. Several months now passed away and Italy was without a sovereign and without a government. Imperial Rome, dismembered of all its provinces had fallen into the condition of a clamoring, surging, unorganized mob. No one could get a hearing. No one had sufficient prominence to rally a party. Such was the condition of Rome in the middle of the 5th century. We study history to little profit if we do not, from the past, learn wisdom for the future. The foul rebellion which has assailed the laws and the constitution of our land menaces us with the same ruin which has befallen Rome. Our only salvation is to be found in crushing out this rebellion with an iron hand, and in maintaining, at all hazards, the noble constitution transmitted to us from our fathers.

PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

Our city stages and rail cars are called, by a conventional fiction, vehicles for the *accommodation* of the public. They might be more properly designated as movable pillories for the punishment of guiltless travellers—or dungeons on wheels for the incarceration of the unoffending, who are kept in close confinement for terms varying from ten to forty minutes, fined from five to six cents by the jailer, or conductor, and discharged, sometimes head first, when the ordeal is over. As regards ventilation, stowage and general treatment on the road to their destination, the felon passengers by the Penitentiary Van, known as "Black Maria," have a decided advantage over the ladies and gentlemen conveyed down town between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M., and up town from 4 to 6 P. M. in rail cars and omnibuses. The cars are the grosser nuisances, because the fellows who have charge of them enter the vehicles and *handle the occupants with as little ceremony as if they were sheep or hogs.* In fact we have seen choice stock packed into a Railroad freight car with more tenderness and consideration than are bestowed upon respectable Christians by the conductors on some of our city lines. The other day we saw a decently dressed woman literally *hauled*, by one of these officials, from the front to the rear of a car in order to be ready for *dumping* into the mud the instant the vehicle stopped.

Placards are posted in nearly all these conveyances requesting passengers not to stand on the platforms, or get in or out while the cars are in motion. Yet as long as there is a "coign of vantage" on which a man can impinge *one foot*, leaving the other dangling in air, the conductors will stop and take up wayfarers. We recommend the companies to tear down the printed "rules," for consistency's sake. Everybody knows that the conductor who should observe them literally would be forthwith dismissed.

Are these atrocious nuisances never to be abated? Is the corrupt coalition between the corporate authorities and the city railroad and stage interest really too strong for the people? Is Monopoly king? Are the stockholders in the Common Council, and non-stockholding members whose palms are familiar with the wages of corruption, and whose consciences weigh all questions by the mint standard, an overmatch for this great community? So it seems. And unless we choose to rouse ourselves when election day comes round and vote the right men into the right places, there is no help for us.

We want a law in relation to public vehicles like that which exists (and is rigidly enforced) in London. There the number of passengers to be carried by every class of public conveyance is regulated by statute, and a violation of the act involves a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG.

As the progress of our armies enables the Union-loving portion of the southern population to resume its intercourse with the North, the LEDGER'S old subscribers avail themselves of the opportunity to renew their acquaintance with us. Familiar names from Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Louisiana daily fall into line in our books, and every acquisition of territory made by our soldiery, widens the sphere of our circulation. Many of our old friends, returning to feast on the good things of the LEDGER with appetites sharpened by long abstinence, wish to recommence their literary repast from the point where the Rebellion interrupted it, and, as every edition of the paper is electrotyped, we have no difficulty in complying with their request. It is like shaking hands again with good neighbors who have been absent on a long journey, to receive the cordial letters of these LEDGER-hungry individuals. It is pleasant to know that thousands of our former subscribers in the South, have eagerly seized the first practicable opportunity to communicate with us, and that wherever the Old Flag goes the LEDGER follows in its wake. The onward movement of our armies is as distinctly marked in the LEDGER'S subscription lists as on the military maps.

— CAPITAL STORY.—On the sixth page of this number of the LEDGER will be found a most excellent and interesting story, entitled "HAWTHORNE LODGE." The narrative is full of those romantic and mysterious incidents which, while they perplex the mind and terrify the heart, are at the same time the most pleasing to the imagination and the fancy.

TEACHING AFOOT.

Aristotle *walked* his scholars into the philosophy of his day. He did not pin them down to desks and forms, but promenaded them through the labyrinths of learning at the rate of from three to four miles an hour. Hence he was called the "founder of the peripatetic school." And a very excellent school it is. There is much to be learned on one's legs—especially of human nature, of which nobody ever gains even a smattering by perpetually sitting still and poring over books. Alexander the Great was one of Aristotle's pupils, and a striking example of the utility of the push-along keep-moving plan of education. If that great subduer and civilizer, had been kept stooping over abstruse scientific problems and logical syllogisms, ten hours out of the twenty-four, in the young-gentlemanly stage of his existence, do you think he would ever have conquered the world? Not he. His brain would have been addled and he would have been good for nothing for practical purposes, which are the true purposes of life after all. We have no undue reverence for the ancient sages. Much of their philosophy was sheer humbug. But the old Macedonian Pedagogue, so far as his plan of teaching was concerned, was, to speak familiarly, a trump. His system was pedestrian and conversational. He walked and taught at the same time. He gave his pupils plenty of wholesome bodily exercise while storing their memories with important facts and training their perceptive faculties. We should like to see a normal school for teachers established in this country, with just such a man as Aristotle, barring his heathenism, at the head of it. The cramming and forcing scheme never yet developed greatness (though it has often choked it down) and never will. A man may be a complete repertory of book-knowledge, a human clyclopædea, and yet so far as useful availability is concerned, little better than a know-nothing. From the Peripatetics of the Golden Age we derive the terms, "walks of science," "walks of art," "walks of nature," &c.; but we have *only the names*. It is thought necessary in these modern days to pin learners fast to desks and benches as we pin specimens of the insect tribes to the slides of an entomological cabinet, and the consequence is that too often they become as dry and sapless and musty as those dead illustrations of living science.

TRIALS OF POLITICIANS.

Politicians, especially those at the head of the party in power, do not sleep in beds of roses; or, if they do, the thorns are many and sharp. Like the feudal monarchs of the middle ages, they are for the most part the puppets of their more powerful adherents, and must take precious good care not to offend too many of them *at once*. In distributing the loaves and fishes, it is necessary to bestow them with a single eye to the political influence of applicants, without reference to any other qualifications, moral or intellectual. Infinite care must be taken so to adjust the partition of the spoils, that the value of each office bestowed by an administration upon a partizan shall be in due proportion to his political standing and the number of votes he is supposed to be capable of controlling. If great tact and skill are not exercised in this delicate branch of Party Art, jealousies and "splits" are sure to occur. The human family is prone to egotism, and the pretensions of many petty rascals, whom, however, it would be unwise to offend, are beyond their merit. Suavity of manner, familiarly known as "blarney," is therefore desirable in the dispensing power, in order to reconcile small politicians of large expectations, to such shares of the public plunder as a proper regard for the [illegible] interests of the ascendant faction may assign them.

To tender a fat office to a prominent party opponent is sometimes a good thing to do. This stroke of policy is founded on the idea (enunciated by Lord North, when he proposed to buy up the opponents of "Union" in the Irish Parliament) that "every man has his price." Advances must be discreetly made, however, so as not to give the attempt to bribe the *appearance* of bribery. Disinterested respect for a gifted opponent, and the desire of the administration to avail itself of his distinguished talents in an important public crisis, must be ostensible grounds for the offer. If he is shy of the bait, a good deal of finesse may be required in hooking him, but once compromised with his old associates and committed to his former adversaries, he is completely at the mercy of his purchasers. The stamp of party treason is upon him. He cannot go back to the faction he has deserted, and his new allies can "whistle him down the wind to prey on fortune" whenever they have no further use for him.

ECHO MEN.

There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked and he is, so to speak, dumbfounded. On the contrary, a sententious "no, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion, is as bad as being caged with a macaw.

If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates Truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies. When Christ *disputed* with the doctors their sophistries fell to the ground. His arguments, no less than the miracles by which they were illustrated, converted Jew and Gentile.

The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

WHY NOT OMNIBUSSES?

Wonderful is it, in this progressive age, that hotel-keepers should use that instrument of torture called the stage-coach for the transmission of passengers to and from railroad and steamboat depots. Of all the bumping, lumbering, suffocating, difficult to get in or out of things, this ærial machine bears the palm. Of a hot day, on one of its back seats, one can realize Tophet. On *any* day, on *any* of its seats, life seems in such conditions scarce worth the gift. When carriages are not handy, one had far better walk, unless his locomotive powers have quite given out. I *had* thought that perhaps in the cheapness of these *carts* might lie the charm to their owners. But I find on inquiry that it is quite the contrary, twelve hundred dollars being the figure for one. Lost in wonder and amazement, I can only fold my hands and await the millennium.

FANNY FERN.

THE WORLD FROM A BABY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Grumblers may grumble, but all is fish that comes to the baby's net. The sunbeam in your parlor, that you would exclude in favor of curtains or carpet, fills baby with delight, as the shining motes float through it. The thread upon the floor, that offends your love of order, is a God-send to the busy little fingers that essay industriously to pick it up. The chance shower that perils your bonnet, or hat, is but so much fun to the merry little thing, who is carried so swiftly through it. The protruding, ungainly sign that swings from some store, or doorway, calls forth chirps of delight from baby, as its gilt letters glisten in the sunlight. Even the obnoxious fish-horn is sweet music to its ears, and the monotonous "tick," "tick" of the clock that so irritates your nerves, is to it the most wonderful of performances, as with lips apart and hands extended, it sits motionless, a pretty picture of listening delight. With funny philosophic gravity it watches the broom, in its cleansing journey over the carpet. Does the door-bell ring? No expectant damsel could brighten more at the approach of her lover.

Baby has the only true, catholic spirit. It utterly ignores color and race; features and complexions are matters of no interest to it. It embraces in its loving creed everything the good God has made. The ragged "loafer," sunning himself on a seat in the park, gets as sweet a smile from baby as the daintiest lady in the land. I shall never forget the instantaneous change in the face of one I saw, who, a minute before, looked only sullen defiance, as a bright little creature in my arms reached out her hand to him, with a little crowing laugh, as if to say—Oh, smile and be happy like me! It was the glorified change one sees on a loved face, when earth and its agonies are passing away, and glimpses of the shining land are visible. Only for a moment did that man's soul shine through; but it was long enough, to show, that by the craving for human love, which never dies, no one may be cast aside by us, as irreclaimable through it.

The most ungainly, awkward and uncultivated mother who ever laid a babe to her breast is beautiful in its eyes. Others may look down upon her lowly condition, or feel only disgust at her squalid wretchedness; there is yet a soft cheek laid lovingly against hers, a little warm hand resting upon her shrunken bosom, and pretty soft eyes into which she looks with that strong love born of desolation and misery. When it gets old enough to toddle over the threshold of the swarming tenement-house which is its home, the old baskets and barrels and refuse which disfigure the pavement, are only so many playthings, than which no toyshop could furnish a more pleasing duplicate. The goats and pigs which snuff about the gutters, are beautiful to behold, and the unwashed crowd of urchins about, lovely as shining cherubim. Even its drunken father's gyrations, as he reels home at night, cannot kill its confiding trust in all who approach it. One looks at such a child—self-sustaining from the day it can creep alone—to the dainty little piece of flesh and blood whose velvet skin is wrapped in softest lace and cambric, and what a dreadful gulf seems yawning between them; and yet, dawning life with its marvels, blessed be Him who made them, looks bright alike to either, from gutter or palace.

FANNY FERN.

AN IMPERIAL BLONDIN.

Napoleon III. is adroit, but is he profound? The opinion appears to be gaining ground on both sides of the Atlantic that he is too much of a political acrobat—too fond of what the French call *tour de force*—for his own safety. He balances himself, it is true, with great skill over dangerous gulfs and abysms, but the ropes and guys of politics are as untrustworthy as hempen strands, and the adventurous ruler who trusts to them, rather than to the solid support of magnanimity and justice, is pretty sure, sooner or later, to experience "a lofty fall." The imperial Blondin of France is not unlikely to realize this fact in Mexico. If that infamously-used country is to have a monarch, his authority must be sustained by a hundred thousand French bayonets. Is the French exchequer in a condition to support *two* imperial governments? Drained as it has been by the Russian and Italian wars and the demands of a costly colony in Africa—to say nothing of Rome, and the Cleopatra-like extravagance of Eugenie—it is just now in a bankrupt condition. There is but one source of replenishment—taxation. Will the French people, already staggering under enormous public burdens, quietly submit to another tremendous addition to the load in order to impose a despotism upon Mexico? It seems incredible. If there is anything in the world that our Gallic neighbors have a decided taste for, it is revolution. Inconstant in many things, their love of change is fixed and unchangeable; and with such motives for insurrection as an inordinate and unnecessary increase of taxation must supply, we can hardly doubt that they would show their teeth in earnest. We have an idea that Mexico will one day be avenged in the streets of Paris, and that Napoleon's attempt to establish a satrapy on this continent will be brought to naught without the forcible application of the "Monroe doctrine."

A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

NEWTON, Jasper Co., Ill., Sept. 9th, 1863.

Do you want an introduction, SIR LEDGER? It is not Fanny Fern, Mrs. Southworth, or any of your other popular contributors, that is now knocking at your door. Only one who has learned to love you and them, through the medium of your columns.

Introductions are not very common in this part of Egypt; nevertheless, come with me to my school-room. It has been raining all the morning, and only four little girls, from the nearest houses, have been able to reach the "School-house." This little room, with its walls of hewn logs daubed with mud, looks cheerless enough, without my wet shawl and umbrella, as the rain has dashed in, at certain cracks and broken panes. But the eyes of my little girls, although their feet are wet and their dresses soiled and drabbled, like the baptised flowers they have lain on my desk, are as bright as if the sun was shining upon the green trees and gladdening the distant prairie.

The three small girls, whose feet scarcely touch the floor, have been spelling the long columns in Webster's "Elementary," and have just taken up their "First Readers." They are quite proud and very careful of their new readers, and ever and anon as I write they present their books, fore-finger at the "*hard word*," with a whispered "Miss H——, what is this?"

My tall, dark-eyed girl of thirteen, who seems so busy over "Simple Proportion," has not lost a single day of this term, and is ambitious to win a prize for punctuality. The little blue-eyed girl in the cotton dress, and the black-eyed one, in the corner, with the dark brown curls and red cheeks, are also expecting a reward for a similar merit.

The rain is still pouring down, and the lowering clouds above are speaking in the language of lightning and thunder; yet those voices bring no terror to the hearts of these unfearing country children!

May the mighty West, that has sent forth her legions to battle for the Union, ere long rear better buildings, with other seats than these high, rough benches, for the education of her children.

But, sir, my little class in the aforesaid First Reader now claims my attention, and I will have to bid you—Good-bye.

WESTERN TEACHER.

THE UGLY AUNT:
A FAIRY TALE: FROM THE NORWEGIAN.*

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

It was a little maiden
Lived long and long ago,
(Tho' when it was, and where it was,
I'm sure I do not know)
And her face was all the fortune
This maiden had to show.

II.

And yet,—what many people
Will think extremely rare
In one who, like this maiden,
Ne'er knew a mother's care,—
The neighbors all asserted
That she was good as fair.

III.

"Alack!" exclaimed the damsel,
While bitter tears she shed,
"I'm little skilled to labor,
And yet I must be fed;
I fain by daily service
Would earn my daily bread."

IV.

And so she sought a palace
Where dwelt a mighty queen,
And when the royal lady
The little maid had seen,
She loved her for her beauty,
Despite her lowly mien.

V.

Not long she served her majesty
Ere jealousy arose,
(Because she was the favorite,
As you may well suppose)
And all the other servants
Became her bitter foes.

VI.

And so these false companions,
In envy of her face,
Contrived a wicked stratagem
To bring her to disgrace,
And fill her soul with sorrow,
And rob her of her place.

VII.

They told her royal majesty
(Most arrant liars they!)
That often, in their gossiping,
They'd heard the maiden say
That she could spin a pound of flax
All in a single day!

VIII.

"Indeed!" exclaimed her majesty,
"I'm fond of spinning, too;
So come my little maiden
And make your boasting true;
Or else your foolish vanity
You presently may rue!"

IX.

Alas!—the hapless damsel
Was now afflicted sore,
No mother e'er had taught her
In such ingenious lore;
A spinning-wheel, in all her life,
She ne'er had seen before!

X.

But fearing much to tell the queen
How she had been belied,
She tried to spin upon the wheel,
And still in vain she tried;
And so—'twas all that she could do—
She sat her down and cried.

XI.

Now while she thus laments her fate
In sorrow deep and wild,
A beldam stands before her view
And says, in accents mild,
"What ails thee now, my pretty one,
Say, what's the matter, child!"

XII.

Soon as she heard the piteous case,
"Cheer up!" the beldam said,
"I'll spin for thee the pound of flax,
And thou shalt go to bed,
If only thou wilt call me 'Aunt,'
The day that thou art wed!"

XIII.

The maiden promised true and fair,
And when the day was done,
The queen went in to see the task,
And found it fairly spun;
Quoth she, "I love thee passing well,
And thou shalt wed my son'

XIV.

For one who spins so well as thee
(In sooth! 'tis wondrous fine!)
With beauty, too, so very rare,
And goodness such as thine,
Should be the daughter of a queen,
And I will have thee mine!"

XV.

Now when the wedding-day had come,
And, decked in royal pride,
Around the smoking table sat
The bridegroom and the bride,
With all the royal kinsfolk,
And many guests beside,

XVI.

In came a beldam, with a frisk;
Was ever dame so bold?
Or one so lean and wrinkled,
So ugly and so old,
Or with a nose so very long
And shocking to behold?

XVII.

Now while they sat in wonderment
This curious dame to see,
She said unto the Princess,
As bold as bold could be,
"Good morrow! gentle lady;"
"Good morrow, *Aunt!*" quoth she!

XVIII.

The Prince with gay demeanor,
But with an inward groan,
Then bade her sit at table,
And said, in friendly tone,
"If you're my bride's relation,
Why then, you are my own!"

XIX.

When dinner now was ended,
As you may well suppose,
The Prince still thought about his *Aunt*,
And still his wonder rose
Where could the ugly beldam
Have got so long a nose!

XX.

At last he plainly asked her,
Before that merry throng,
And she as plainly answered,
(Nor deemed his freedom wrong)
"'Twas spinning, in my girlhood,
That made my nose so long!"

XXI.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his Highness,
And then and there he swore:—
"Though spinning made me husband
To her whom I adore;
Lest she should spoil her beauty,
Why, she shall spin no more!"

* If the present version is more simple in plot than the prose story in the "*Norske Folkeeventer*," it certainly gains something in refinement by the variation.

PARTED SUMMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

As o'er my verdant grounds I stray,
While fades the last bright summer-day,
Or in my vine-wreath'd arbor rest,
A peace that Nature loves to teach,
A gladness that surpasses speech,
Inspire my breast.

And thou art with me, Soul of Song,
That from the cradle all along,
Where'er my feet might roam,
Hast given me melodies that prest
The sweetness of a skylark's nest
Into my home.

Though years the rose-tint shred away
From rounded cheek, and hair grew gray,
And joys went hurrying past,
Yet still didst thou thy post maintain.
Oh, dear Companion! thus remain
Even to the last.

For sweet 'twould be thy voice to hear
When other sounds forsake the ear,
Though lover, child nor friend
Should at my latest need appear,
Still fond and faithful be thou near,
Even to the end.

Thou too art with me. Faith serene,
Whose glance surmounts this changeful scene,
And gathers heavenly light
From yon pure cliffs that pierce the cloud,
And from the flowers that deck the shroud
In stainless white.

I will not say those friends are dead
Who only from my sight have fled
A little while before,
For living flowers they backward strew,
And beckon us with music through
Their open door.

Nor will I sigh farewell to thee,
Brief Summer, with thy smile of glee,
For if thou com'st not back
To me, upon those shores of time,
I look for pleasures more sublime,
A dwelling in a better clime,
Above stern Winter's track.

Hartford, Conn., August 31st, 1863.

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVIII.
RECOVERY.

Something I know. Oft, shall it come about
When every heart is full of hope for man,
The horizon straight is darkened and a doubt
Clouds all. The work the youth so well began
Wastes down, and by some deed of shame is finished.
Ah yet we will not be dismayed:
What seemed the triumph of the Fiend at length
Might be the effort of some dying devil,
Permitted to put forth his fullest strength
To loose it all forever! — OWEN MEREDITH.

Awful as the anguish of his parting with Claudia had been, it was not likely that Ishmael with his strength of intellect and will would long succumb to despair. It was not in Claudia's power to make his life quite desolate; how could it be so while Bee cared for him?

Bee had loved Ishmael as long as Ishmael had loved Claudia. She had loved him when he was a boy at school; when he was a young country teacher; when he was a law-student; and she loved him now that he was a successful barrister. This love founded in esteem and honor, had constantly deepened and strengthened. In loving Ishmael, she found mental and spiritual development; and in being near him and doing him good, she found comfort and happiness. And being perfectly satisfied with the present, Bee never gave a thought to the future. That she tacitly left, where it belongs, to God.

Or if at times, on perceiving Ishmael's utter obliviousness of her own kindly presence and his perfect devotion to the thankless Claudia, Bee felt a pang, she went and busied herself with domestic duties, or played with the children in the nursery, or what was better still, if it happened to be little Lu's "sleepy time" she would take her baby-sister up to her own room, sit down and fold her to her breast and rock and sing her to sleep. And certainly the clasp of those baby-arms about her neck and the nestling of that baby-form to her bosom drew out all the heart-ache and soothed all the agitation.

Except these little occasional pangs Bee had always been blest in loving. Her love, all unrequited as it seemed, was still the sweetest thing in the world to her; and it seemed thus, because in fact it was so well approved by her mind and so entirely unselfish. It seemed to be her life, or her soul, or one with both; Bee was not metaphysical enough to decide which.

She would not struggle with this love, or try to conquer it, any more than she would have striven against and tried to destroy her mental and spiritual life. On the contrary she cherished it as she did her religion of which it was a part; she cherished it as she did her love of God, with which it was united.

And loving Ishmael in this way, if she should fail to marry him, Bee resolved never to marry another; but to live and die a maiden; still cherishing, still hiding this most precious love in her heart as a miser hides his gold. Whether benign Nature would have permitted the motherly little maiden to have carried out this resolution, I do not know;—or what Bee would have done in the event of Ishmael's marrying another, *she* did not know.

When Claudia went away, Bee in the midst of her regret at parting with her cousin, felt a certain sense of relief; but when she saw the effect of that departure upon Ishmael, she became alarmed for him; and after the terrible experiences of that day and night, Bee's one single thought in life was——Ishmael's good.

On the morning succeeding that dreadful day and night, Ishmael awoke early, in full possession of his faculties. He remembered all the incidents of that trying day and night; reflected upon their effects; and prayed to God to deliver him from the burden and guilt of inordinate and sinful affections.

Then he arose, made his toilet, read a portion of the scriptures, offered up his morning prayers and went below stairs.

In the breakfast parlor, he found Bee, the busy little house keeper, fluttering softly around the breakfast table and adding a few finishing touches to its simple elegance.

Very fair, fresh and blooming looked Bee in her pale golden ringlets and her pretty morning dress of white muslin with blue ribbons. There was no one else in the room; but Bee advanced and held out her hand to him.

He took her hand and retaining it in his own for a moment, said:

"Oh, Bee! yesterday! last night!"

"'Upbraid not the past; it comes not back again.' Ishmael! bury it; forget it; and press onward!" replied Bee, sweetly and solemnly.

He raised her hand with the impulse to carry it to his lips; but refraining, bowed his forehead over it instead, and then gently released it. For Ishmael's affection for Bee was reverential. To him she appeared saintly, Madonna-like, almost angelic.

"Let me make breakfast for you at once, Ishmael. It is not of the least use to wait for the others. Mamma, I know, is not awake yet, and none of the gentlemen have rung for their hot water."

"And you, Bee; you will also breakfast now?"

"Certainly."

And she rang and gave her orders. And the coffee, muffins, fried fresh perch and broiled spring chickens speedily made their appearance.

"Jim," she said to the waiter who set the breakfast on the table, "tell cook to keep some of the perch and pullets dressed to put over the fire the moment she hears the judge's bell ring, so that his breakfast may be ready for him when he comes down."

"Very well, Miss," answered Jim, who immediately left the room to give the order; but soon returned to attend upon the table.

So it was a tête-à-tête meal, but Bee made it very pleasant. After breakfast, Ishmael left Bee to her domestic duties, and went up into the office to look after the letters and papers that had been left for him by the penny post-man that morning.

He glanced over the newspapers; read the letters; selected those he would need during the day; put the others carefully away; tied up his documents; took up his hat and gloves, and set out for his daily business at the City Hall.

In the ante-chamber of the Orphan's Court Room he met old Wiseman, who clapped him hastily on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"How are you this morning, old fellow? All right, eh?"

"Thank you, I am quite well again," replied Ishmael.

"Ah ha! nothing like good brandy to get one up out of a fit of exhaustion."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ishmael, with a shudder.

"Well, and have you thought over what we were talking of yesterday?"

"It was——" Ishmael began, and then hesitated.

"It was about your going into partnership with me."

"Oh, yes! so it was! but I have not had time to think of it yet."



MR. BRUDENELL'S REVELATION.

"Well, think over it, to-day, will you, and then, after the court has adjourned, come to my chambers and talk the matter over with me. Will you?"

"Thank you, yes, certainly."

"Ah, well! I will not keep you any longer, for I see that you are in a hurry."

"It is because I have an appointment at ten," said Ishmael, courteously.

"Certainly; and appointments must be kept. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Wiseman."

"Mind, you are to come to my chambers after the court has adjourned."

"I will remember and come," said Ishmael.

And each went his way.

Ishmael had not yet seriously thought of Lawyer Wiseman's proposal. This forenoon, however, in the intervals of his professional business, he reflected on it.

The proposed partnership was unquestionably a highly advantageous one, in a worldly point of view. Lawyer Wiseman was undoubtedly the best lawyer and commanded the largest practice at the Washington bar, with one single exception—that of the brilliant young barrister whom he proposed to associate with himself. Together, they would be invincible, carrying everything before them; and Ishmael's fortune would be rapidly made.

So far the offer was a very tempting one; yet the more Ishmael reflected on it, the more determined he became to refuse it; because, in fact, his conscience would not permit him to enter into partnership with Lawyer Wiseman, for the following reasons:—Lawyer Wiseman, a man of unimpeachable integrity in his private life, declined to carry moral responsibility into his professional business. He was indiscriminate in his acceptation of briefs. It mattered not whether the case presented to him was a case of injustice, cruelty or oppression, so that it was a case for law, with a wealthy client to back it. The only question with Lawyer Wiseman being the amount of the retaining fee. If his client liberally anointed Lawyer Wiseman's eyes with golden ointment, Lawyer Wiseman would undertake to see and make the judge and jury see anything and everything that his client wished! With such a man as this, therefore, whatever the professional advantages of the association might be, Ishmael could not enter into partnership.

And so when the court had adjourned, Ishmael walked over to the chambers of Mr. Wiseman on Louisiana Avenue, and in an interview with the old lawyer, courteously declined his offer.

This considerably astonished Mr. Wiseman, who pressed Ishmael for the reasons of his strange refusal.

And Ishmael, being urged, at length candidly confessed them.

Instead of being angry, as might have been expected, the old lawyer was simply amused. He laughed at his young friend's scruples, and assured him that experience would cure them. And the interview having been brought to a close, they shook hands and parted amicably.

Ishmael hurried home to dine and spend the evening with the family.

On the Monday following, at the order of Judge Merlin, preparations were commenced for shutting up the town-house and leaving Washington for Tanglewood; for the judge swore that, let any one whatever get married, or christened, stay in the city another week he could not, without decomposing, for that his soul had already left his body and preceded him to Tanglewood, whither he must immediately follow it.

Oh, but Bee had a plenty of work to look after that week—the packing up of all the children's clothes, and of all the household effects—such as silver plate, cut-glass, fine china, cutlery, etcetera, that were to be sent forward to Tanglewood.

She would have had to overlook the packing of the books also, but that Ishmael insisted on relieving her of that task, by doing it all with his own hands, as indeed he preferred to do it, for his love of books was almost—tender. It was curious to see him carefully straighten the leaves and brush the cover and edges of an old book before he laid it away; or stop and mend a torn book, as conscientiously as he would have doctored a hurt child. They were his friends, and he was fond of them.

Ishmael continued steadily in the performance of all his duties, yet that he was still suffering very much might be observed in the abiding paleness and wasting thinness of his face, and in a certain languor and weariness in all his movements.

Bee, in the midst of her multifarious cares, did not forget his interests; she took pains to have his favorite dishes appear on the table in order to tempt him to take food. But observing that he still ate little or nothing while he daily lost flesh, she took an opportunity of saying to him in the library:

"Ishmael, you know I am a right good little doctress; I have had so much experience in nursing father and mother and the children; so I know what I am talking about, when I tell you that you need a tonic."

"Oh, Bee! if you did but really know, little sister!"

"I *do* know, Ishmael, I know it *all!*" she said, gently.

"'Out of the heart are the issues of life!' Bee, mine has received a paralyzing blow."

"I know it, dear Ishmael; I know it; but let your great mind sustain that stricken heart until it recovers the blow. And in the meantime try to get up your strength. You must have more food and more rest, and in order to secure them you must take a tonic in the morning to give you an appetite, and a sedative at night to give you sleep. That was the way we saved mamma after little Mary died, or, indeed, I think she would have followed her."

Ishmael smiled a very wan smile as he answered:

"Indeed, I am ashamed of this utter weakness, Bee."

"Why should you be? Has Providence given you any immunity from the common lot? We must take our human nature as it is given to us and do the best we can with it, I think."

"What a wise little woman you are, Bee."

"That's because I have got a good memory. The wisdom was second-handed, Ishmael, being just what I heard you yourself say when you were defending Featherstonehaugh:

'There's nothing original in me
Excepting original sin.'"

Ishmael smiled.

"And, now, will you follow my advice?"

"To the letter, dear Bee, whenever you are so good as to advise me. Ah, Bee, you seem to comprise in yourself all that I have missed of family affection, and to compensate me for the unknown love of mother, sister, friend."

"Do I, Ishmael? Oh, I wish that I really did!" said Bee, impulsively; and then she blushed deeply at suddenly apprehending the construction that might be put upon her words.

But Ishmael answered those words in the spirit in which they were uttered:

"Believe me, dearest Bee, you do. If I never feel the want of home affections it is because I have them all in you. My heart finds rest in you, Bee. But oh, little sister, what can I ever render to you for all the good you have done me from my childhood up?"

"Render yourself good and wise and great, Ishmael, and I shall be sufficiently happy in watching your upward progress," said Bee.

And quietly putting down on the table a bunch of grapes that she had brought, she withdrew from the office.

CHAPTER LXIX.
HERMAN AND ISHMAEL.

With a deep groan he cried—"Oh, gifted one,
I am thy father! Hate me not, my son!" — ANON.

Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot;
Her slighted love and ruined name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame,
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care! — BYRON.

Her exit was almost immediately followed by the entrance of Mr. Brudenell. He also had noticed Ishmael's condition, and attributed it to overwork, and to the want of rest, with change of air. He was preparing to leave Washington for Brudenell Hall. He was going a few days in advance of Judge Merlin and the Middletons, and he intended to invite Ishmael to accompany him, or to come after him, and make a visit to Brudenell. He earnestly desired to have Ishmael there to himself for a week or two. It was with this desire that he now entered the library.

Ishmael arose from his packing, and smiling a welcome, set a chair for his visitor.

"You are not looking well, Mr. Worth," said Herman Brudenell, as he took the offered seat.

"I am not well, just at present, but I shall be so in a day or two," returned Ishmael.

"Not if you continue the course you are pursuing now, my young friend. You require rest and change of air. I shall leave Washington for Brudenell Hall on Thursday morning. It would give me great pleasure if you would accompany me thither, and remain my guest for a few weeks, to recruit your health. The place is noted for its salubrity; and though the house has been dismantled, and has remained vacant for some time, yet I hope we will find it fitted up comfortably again; for I have written down to an upholsterer of Baymouth to send in some furniture, and I have also written to a certain genius of all trades, called the 'Professor,' to go over and see it all arranged, and do what else is needed to be done for our reception."

Ishmael smiled when he heard the name of the Professor; but before he could make any comment, Mr. Brudenell inquired:

"What do you say, Mr. Worth? Will you accompany me thither, or will you come after me?"

"I thank you very much, Mr. Brudenell. I should like to visit Brudenell Hall; but——"

"Then you will come? I am very glad! I shall be alone there with my servants, you know, and your society will be a god-send to me. Had you not better go down at once when I do? I go by land, in a hired carriage. The carriage is very comfortable; and we can make the journey in two days, and lay by during the heat of both days. I think the trip will be pleasant. We can reach Brudenell Hall on Friday-night, and have a good rest before Sunday, when we can go to the old country church, where you will be likely to meet the faces of some of your old friends. I think we shall be very comfortable, keeping bachelor's hall together at Brudenell Hall, this summer, Mr. Worth," said Herman Brudenell, who longed more than tongue could tell to have Nora's son at home with him, though it might be only for a short time.

"I feel your kindness very much, indeed, Mr. Brudenell; and I should be very, very happy to accept your hospitable invitation; but—I was about to say, it really is quite impossible in the existing state of my business for me to go anywhere at present," said Ishmael, courteously.

"Indeed? I am very sorry for that. But the reasons you give are unanswerable, I know. I am seriously disappointed. Yet I trust, though you may not be able to come just at present, you will follow me down there after a little while—say in the course of a few days or weeks—for I shall remain at the Hall all summer and shall be always delighted to receive you. Will you promise to come?"

"Indeed, I fear I cannot promise that either, for I have a very great pressure of business; but if I can possibly manage to go, without infringing upon my duties, I shall be grateful for the privilege and very happy to avail myself of it; for—do you know, sir?—I was born in that neighborhood and passed my childhood and youth there. I love the old place, and almost long to see the old hut where I lived, and the hall where I went to school, and the wooded valley that lies between them, where I gathered wild-flowers and fruits in summer and nuts in winter, and—my mother's grave," said the unconscious son, speaking confidentially, and looking straight into his father's eyes.

"Ishmael," said Herman Brudenell, in a faltering voice, and forgetting to be formal, "you *must* come to me; that grave should draw you if nothing else; it is a pious pilgrimage when a son goes to visit his mother's grave."

There was something in this new friend's words, look and manner that always drew out the young man's confidence, and he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"She died young, sir; and oh! so sorrowfully! She was only nineteen, two years younger than I am now; and her son was motherless the hour he was born."

Violent emotion shook the frame of Herman Brudenell. He had not entered the room with any intention of making a disclosure to Ishmael; but he felt now that—come life, come death, come whatever might of it—he must claim Nora's son.

"Ishmael," he began, in a voice shaken with agitation, "I knew your mother."

"You, sir!" exclaimed the young man in surprise.

"Yes, I knew her and her sister, naturally, for they were tenants of mine."

"I knew that they lived on the outskirts of the Brudenell estate; but I did not know you were personally acquainted with them, sir; for I thought that you resided mostly in Europe."

"Not all the time; I was at Brudenell Hall when—you were born and your mother went to Heaven, Ishmael."

Some of the elder man's agitation communicated itself to the younger, who half arose from his seat and looked intently at the speaker.

"I knew your mother in those days, Ishmael. She was not only one of the most beautiful women of her day, but one of the purest, noblest and best."

Herman Brudenell hesitated. And Ishmael, who had dropped again into his seat, bent eagerly forward, holding his breath while he listened.

Herman continued.

"You resemble her in person and in character, Ishmael! All that is best and noblest and most attractive in you, Ishmael, is derived under Divine Providence from your mother."

"I know it! Oh, I know it!"

"And, Ishmael, I loved your mother!"

"*Oh, Heaven!*" breathed the young man, in sickening, deadly apprehension; for well he remembered that this Mr. Herman Brudenell was the husband of the Countess of Hurstmonceaux at the very time of which he now spoke.

"Ishmael! Ishmael! do not look so cruelly distressed. I loved her, she loved me in return, she crowned my days with joy, and——"

A gasping sound of suddenly suspended breath from Ishmael.

"I made her my wife," continued Herman Brudenell, in a grave and earnest voice.

"It was you then!" cried Ishmael, shaking with agitation.

"It was I!"

Silence like a pall fell between them.

"Oh, Ishmael! my son! my son! speak to me! give me your hand!" groaned Herman Brudenell.

"She was your wife! Yet she died of want, exposure and grief!" said Nora's son, standing pale and stony before him.

"And I—*live* with a breaking heart! a harder fate, Ishmael. Since her death, I have been a wifeless, childless, homeless wanderer over the wide world! Oh, Ishmael! my son! my son! give me your hand!"

"I am my mother's son! She was your wife, you say; yet she never bore your name! She was your wife; yet her son and yours bears *her* maiden name! She was your wife; yet she perished miserably in her early youth; and undeserved reproach is suffered to rest upon her memory! Oh, sir! if indeed you were her husband and my father, as you claim to be, explain these things before I give you my hand! for when I give my hand, honor and respect must go with it!" said Ishmael, in a grave, sweet, earnest tone.

"Is it possible that Hannah has never told you? I thought she would have told you everything, except the name of your father."

"She told me everything that she could tell without violating the oath of secrecy by which she was bound; but what she told me was not satisfactory."

"Sit down then, Ishmael, sit down; and though to recall this woeful history will be to tear open old wounds afresh, I will do so; and when you have heard it, you will know how blameless we both—your mother and myself—really were, and how deep has been the tragedy of my life as well as hers—the difference between us being that hers is a dead trouble, from which she rests, eternally, while mine is a living and a life-long sorrow!"

Ishmael dropped again into his chair and gave undivided attention to the speaker.

And Mr. Brudenell, after a short pause, commenced and gave a narrative of his own eventful life, beginning with his college days, and detailing all the incidents of his youthful career until it culminated in the dreadful household wreck that had killed Nora, exiled his family and blasted his own happiness forever.

Ishmael listened with the deepest sympathy.

It was indeed the tearing open of old wounds in Herman Brudenell's breast; and it was the inflicting of new ones in Ishmael's heart. It was an hour of unspeakable distress to both. Herman did not spare himself in the relation; yet in the end Ishmael exculpated his father from all blame. We know indeed that in his relations with Nora he was blameless, unless his fatal haste could be called a fault. And as for his long neglect of Ishmael, which really was a great sin, and the greatest he had ever committed, Ishmael never gave a thought to that, it was only a sin against himself, and Ishmael was not selfish enough to feel or resent it.

Herman Brudenell ended his story very much as he had commenced it:

"And since that day of doom, Ishmael, I have been a lonely, homeless, miserable wanderer over the wide world! The fabled Wandering Jew not more wretched than I!" And the bowed head, blanched complexion and quivering features bore testimony to his words.

CHAPTER LXX.
FATHER AND SON.

For though thou work'st my mother ill
I feel thou art my father still! — BYRON.

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And no one would be first to own,
Let fate and courage still conceal,
When truth could bring reproach alone. — MILNES.

Ishmael had been violently shaken. It was with much effort that he controlled his own emotions in order to administer consolation to one who was suffering even more than he himself was, because that suffering was blended with a morbid remorse.

"Father," he said, reaching forth his hand to the stricken man; but his voice failed him.

Herman Brudenell looked up; an expression of earnest love chasing away the sorrow from his face, as he said:

"Father? Ah, what a dear name! You call me thus, Ishmael? Me, who worked your mother so much woe?"

"Father, it was your great misfortune, not your fault; *she* said it on her death-bed, and the words of the dying are sacred," said Ishmael, earnestly and caressing the pale, thin hand that he held.

"Oh, Nora! Oh, Nora!" exclaimed Herman, as all his bosom's wounds bled afresh.

"Father, do not grieve so bitterly; and after all these years, so morbidly! God has wiped away all tears from her eyes. She has been a saint in glory these many years!"

"You try to comfort me, Ishmael. You, Nora's son?" exclaimed Herman, with increased emotion.

"Who else of all the world should comfort you but Nora's son?"

"You love me, then, a little, Ishmael?"

"She loved you, my father, and why should not I?"

"Ah, that means that you will love me in time; for love is not born in an instant, my son."

"My heart reaches out to you, my father: I love you even now, and sympathize with you deeply; and I feel that I shall love you more and more, and as I shall see you oftener and know you better," said the simply truthful son.

"Ishmael! this is the happiest hour I have known since Nora's death and Nora's son has given it to me."

"None have a better right to serve you."

"My son, I am a prematurely old and broken man, ruined and impoverished, but Brudenell Hall is still mine, and the name of Brudenell is one of the most ancient and honored in the old and new world! If you consent, Ishmael, I will gladly, proudly, and openly acknowledge you as my son. I will get an act of the Legislature passed, authorizing you to take the name and arms of Brudenell. And I will make you the heir of Brudenell Hall. What say you, Ishmael?"

"Father," said the young man promptly but respectfully, "*no!* In all things I will be to

you a true and loving son; but I cannot, *cannot* consent to your proposal; because to do so would be to cast bitter, heavy, unmerited reproach upon my sweet mother's memory! For, listen, sir: you are known to have been the husband of the Countess Hurstmonceaux for more years than I have lived in this world; you are known to have been so at the very time of my birth; you could not go about explaining the circumstances to every one who would become acquainted with the facts, and the consequences would be what I said! No, father, leave me as I am; for besides the reasons I have given, there is yet another reason why I may not take your name."

"What is that, Ishmael?" asked Brudenell, in a broken voice.

"It is, that in an hour of passionate grief, after hearing my mother's woful story from the lips of my aunt, I fell upon that mother's grave, and vowed to make her name—the only thing she had to leave me, poor mother!—illustrious. It was a piece of boyish vain-glory, no doubt; but it was a vow, and I must try to keep it," said Ishmael, faintly smiling.

"You will keep it; you will make the name of Worth illustrious in the annals of the country, Ishmael," said Mr. Brudenell.

There was a pause for a little while, at the end of which the latter said:

"There is another way in which I may be able to accomplish my purpose, Ishmael. Without proclaiming you as my son, and risking the reproach you dread for your dear mother's memory, I might *adopt* you as my son and *appoint* you my heir. Will you make me happy by consenting to *that* measure, Ishmael?" inquired the father, in a persuasive tone.

"Dear sir, I cannot. Oh, do not think that I am insensible to all your kindness, for indeed I am not! I thank you; I love you; and I deeply sympathize with you; but——"

"But what, my son? what is the reason you cannot agree to this last proposal?" asked Mr. Brudenell, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"A strong spirit of independence, the growth of years of lonely struggle with the world, possesses and inspires me. I could not for an hour endure patronage or dependance, come they from where or how they might. It is the law of my life," said Ishmael, firmly but affectionately.

"It is a noble law, and yours has been a noble life, my son. But—is there nothing, nothing I can do for you to prove my affection, and to ease my heart, Ishmael?"

"Yes!" said the young man, after a pause. "When you return to England, you will see—Lady Vincent!" The name was uttered with a gasp. "Tell her what you have told me—the history of your acquaintance with my mother; your mutual love; your private marriage; and the unforeseen misfortune that wrecked your happiness! Tell her how pure and noble and lovely my young mother was! that her ladyship may know once for all Nora Worth was not——" Ishmael covered his face with his hands, caught his breath, and continued—"not, as she said, 'the shame of her own sex and the scorn of ours;' that her son is not 'the child of sin,' nor 'his heritage dishonor!'" And Ishmael dropped his stately head upon his desk, and sobbed aloud; sobbed until all his athletic form shook with the storm of his great agony.

Herman Brudenell gazed at him—appalled. Then, rising, he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, saying:

"Ishmael! Ishmael! don't do so! Calm yourself, my son; oh, my dear son, calm yourself!"

He might as well have spoken to a tempest. Sobs still shook Ishmael's whole frame.

"Oh, heaven! oh, heaven! Would to the Lord I had never been born!" cried Herman Brudenell, in a voice of such utter woe, that Ishmael raised his head and struggled hard to subdue the storm of passion that was raging in his bosom. "Or would that I had died the day I met Nora, and before I had entailed all this anguish on you!" continued Herman Brudenell, amid groans and sighs.

"Don't say so, my father! don't say so! You were not in fault. You were as blameless as she herself was; and you could not have been more so," said Ishmael, wiping his fevered brow, and looking up.

"My generous son! But did Claudia—did Lady Vincent use the cruel words you have quoted, against your mother and yourself?"

"She did, my father. Oh, but I have suffered!" exclaimed Ishmael, with shaking voice and quivering features.

"I know you have; I know it, Ishmael; but you have grandly, gloriously conquered suffering," said Mr. Brudenell, with enthusiasm.

"Not quite conquered it yet; but I shall endeavor to do so," replied the young man, who had now quite regained his self-possession.

And another pause fell between them.

Ishmael leaned his head upon his hand and reflected deeply for a few moments. Then, raising his head, he said:

"My father, for *her* sake, our relationship must remain a secret from all the world, with the few exceptions of those intimate friends to whom you can explain the circumstances, and even to them it must be imparted in confidence. You will tell Lady Vincent, that her ladyship may know how false were the calumnies she permitted herself to repeat; and Judge Merlin and Mr. Middleton, whose kindness have entitled them to the confidence, for their own satisfaction."

"And no one else, Ishmael?"

"No one else in the world, my father. I myself will tell Uncle Reuben. And in public, my father, we must be discreet in our intercourse with each other. Forgive me if I speak in too dictatorial a manner; I speak for lips that are dumb in death. I speak as my dead mother's advocate," said Ishmael, with a strange blending of meekness and firmness in his tone and manner.

"And her advocate shall be heard and heeded, hard as his mandate seems. But, ah! I am an old and broken man, Ishmael. I had hoped, in time, to claim you as my son, and solace my age in your bright youth. I am grievously disappointed. Oh! would to Heaven I had taken charge of you in your infancy, and then you would not disclaim me now!" sighed Mr. Brudenell.

"I do not disclaim you, oh, my father. I only deprecate the publicity that might wound my mother's memory. And you are not old and broken, my father. How can you be at forty-three? You are in the sunny summer noon of your life. But you are harassed and ill in mind and body; and you are very morbid and sensitive. You shun society, form no new ties with your fellow-creatures, and brood over that old sad tragedy long passed. Think no more of it, father; its wounds are long since healed in every heart but yours; my mother has been in Heaven these many years; as long as I have been on earth; *my* birthday *here* was *her* birthday *there!* Therefore, brood no more over that sad time; it is forever past and gone. Think of your young love as much as you please; but think of her in Heaven. It is not well to think forever of the crucifixion and never of the ascension; forever of the martyrdom that was but for a moment, and never of the glory that is from everlasting to everlasting. Nora was martyred; her martyrdom was as the grief of a moment; but she has ascended and her happiness is eternal in the heavens. Think of her so. And rouse yourself. Wake to the duties and pleasures of life. Look around upon and enjoy the beauty of the earth, the wisdom of man, the loveliness of woman, and the goodness of God. If you were a single man I should say, 'marry again;' but as you are already a married man, though estranged from your wife, I say to you, seek a reconciliation with that lady. You are both in the prime of life."

"What! does Nora's son give me such advice?" inquired Brudenell, with a faint, incredulous smile.

"Yes, he does; as Nora herself in her wisdom and love would do, could she speak to you from Heaven," said Ishmael, solemnly.

Brudenell slowly and sorrowfully shook his head.

"The Countess of Hurstmonceaux can nevermore be anything to me," he said.

"My father! have you then no kindly memory of the sweet young lady who placed her innocent affections upon you in your early manhood, and turning away from all her wealthy and titled suitors, gave herself and her fortune to you?"

Slowly and bitterly Herman Brudenell shook his head. Ishmael still looking earnestly in his face, continued:

"Who left her native country and her troops of friends and crossed the sea alone, to follow you to a home that must have seemed like a wilderness and servants that were like savages to her; who devoted her time and spent her money in embellishing your house and improving your land, and in civilizing and christianizing your negroes; and who passed the flower of her youth in that obscure neighborhood, doing good and waiting patiently long, weary years for your return?"

Still the bitter, bitter gesture of negation from Herman.

"Father," said Ishmael, fixing his beautiful eyes on Brudenell's face and speaking earnestly, "it seems to me that if any young lady had loved me with such devotion and constancy I must have loved her fondly in return. I could not have helped doing so!"

"She wronged me, Ishmael!"

"And even if she had offended me;—deeply and justly offended me—I must have forgiven her and taken her back to my bosom again."

"It was worse than that, Ishmael! It was no common offence. She deceived me! She was false to me!"

"I cannot believe it!" exclaimed Ishmael, earnestly.

"Why, what ground have you for saying so? What can you know of it?"

"Because I do not easily think evil of women. My life has been short and my experience limited, I know; but as far as my observation instructs me, they are very much better than we are; they do not readily yield to evil; their tendencies are all good," said Ishmael, fervently.

"Young man, you know a great of deal of books, a great deal of law; but little of men, and less of women. A man of the world would smile to hear you say what you have just said, Ishmael."

"If I am mistaken, it is a matter to weep over, not to smile at!" said Ishmael, gravely, and almost severely.

"It is true."

"But to return to your countess, my father. I am not mistaken in that lady's face, I know. I have not seen it since I was eight years old; but it is before me now! a sweet, sad, patient young face, full of holy love. Among the earliest memories of my life is that of the young Countess of Hurstmonceaux, and the stories that were afloat concerning herself and you. It was said that every day at sunset she would go to the turnstile at the cross-roads on the edge of the estate, where she could see all up and down two roads for many miles, and there stand watching to catch the first glimpse of you, if perhaps you might be returning home. She did this for years and years, until people began to say that she was crazed with hope deferred. It was at that very stile I first saw her. And when I looked at her lovely face and thought of her many charities—for there was no such thing as suffering from poverty in that neighborhood while she lived there—I felt that she was an angel!"

"Aye! a fallen angel, Ishmael!"

"No, father! no! my life and soul on her truth and love! Children are good judges of character you know! And I was but eight years old on the occasion of which I speak! I was carrying a basket of tools for the 'Professor,' whose assistant I was; and who would have carried them himself only that his back was bent beneath a load of kitchen utensils, for we had been plastering a cistern all day and in coming home took these things to mend in the evening. And as we passed down the road we saw this lovely lady leaning on the stile. And she called me to her and laid her hand on my head and looked in my face very tenderly, and turning to the Professor, said: 'This child is too young for so heavy a burden.' And she took out her purse and would have given me an eagle, only that Aunt Hannah had taught me never to take money that I had not earned."

"Grim Hannah! It is a marvel she had not starved you with her scruples, Ishmael! But what else passed between you and the Countess?"

"Not much! but if she was sorry for me, I was quite as sorry for her."

"There was a bond of sympathy between you which you felt without understanding at the time!"

"There was; though I mistook its precise character. Seeing that she wore black I said: 'Have you also lost your mother, my lady, and are you in deep mourning for her?' And she answered, 'I am in deep mourning for my dead happiness, child!'"

"For her dead honor, she might have said!"

"Father! the absent are like the dead; they cannot defend themselves," said Ishmael.

"That is true; and I stand rebuked! And henceforth, whatever I may think, I will never speak evil of the Countess Hurstmonceaux."

"Go farther yet, dear sir! seek an explanation with her, and my word on it she will be able to confute the calumnies, or clear up the suspicious circumstances or whatever it may have been that has shaken your confidence in her, and kept you apart so long."

"Ishmael, it is a subject that I have never broached to the Countess and that I could not endure to discuss with her!"

"What, my father? Would you forever condemn her unheard? We do not treat our worst criminals so!"

"Spare me, my son! for I have spared her!"

"If by sparing her you mean that you have left her alone, you had better not spared her; you had better sought divorce; then one of two things would have happened—either she would have disproved the charges brought against her, or she would have been set free! either alternative much better than her present condition."

"I could not drag my domestic troubles into a public court room, Ishmael!"

"Not when justice required it, father?—But, you are going down into the neighborhood of Brudenell Hall! You will hear of her from the people among whom she lived so many years, and who cherish her memory as that of an angel of mercy, and—you will change your opinion of her."

Herman Brudenell smiled incredulously, and then said:

"Apropos of my visit to Brudenell Hall! I hope, Ishmael, that you will be able to join me there in the course of the summer?"

"Father, yes! I promise you to do so. I will be at pains to put my business in such a train as will enable me to visit you for a week or two."

"Thanks, Ishmael! And now, do you know I think the first dinner bell rang sometime ago and it is time to dress?"

And Herman Brudenell arose and after pressing Ishmael's hand, left the library.

The interview furnished Ishmael with too much food for thought to admit of his moving for sometime. He sat by the table buried in a brown study, reflecting upon all that he had heard, until he was startled by the pealing out of the second bell. Then he sprang up, hurried to his chamber, hastily arranged his toilet, and went down into the dining room, where he found all the family already assembled and waiting for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A PIONEER ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the year of our Lord 1791, the little town of Manchester, Ohio, on the Ohio river, was laid out and settled under the direction and superintendence of Colonel, afterwards General, Nathaniel Massie, one of the most active and enterprising spirits of his time in the Western country. Massie was himself a practical surveyor, and for many years followed the business of locating lands in the Indian country, passing through many hardships and perils. Having acquired a large amount of territory, he made a liberal offer to a limited number of families if they would settle on the spot he should designate. Thirty accepted the terms, and the location at Manchester was the result.

This was the fourth settlement within the limits of the present State of Ohio. It stood alone in the wilderness, in the midst of an Indian war, depending solely upon itself for protection. Limestone (now Maysville), Kentucky, on the opposite side of the river, was its nearest neighbor, and that was twelve miles distant: on its own, or the Ohio side, there was no place within seventy miles.

It might naturally be supposed, that a settlement so exposed, and so directly within the grasp, as it were, of the Indians, would meet with some disaster. We believe, however, it was never attacked—probably for the reason that it was garrisoned by the best scouts and hunters of the border, and could never be surprised. The Indians occasionally prowled around it, nevertheless, and more than one of its inmates paid the penalty of being a little too bold, or a little too careless.

A man by the name of Eber Slocum, met with a rather serious adventure in this manner. He had started off early one morning, in pursuit of a bear that he had seen pass the fort, and had eagerly followed its trail for something like a mile, when, chancing to hear a stick snap behind him, he turned and found himself confronted with two savages, both of whom had their pieces pointed at his head. Had there been but one, he might, on the impulse of the moment, have made an attempt to level his own rifle and get the first shot—or at least take the chances of killing and being killed; but with two it was out of the question to hope to escape with life except as a prisoner; so thinking quickly and resolving instantly, he threw down his weapon and held up his open palms in token of surrender. Evidently the Indians preferred taking him alive; for besides the fact that they could have shot him down, both before and after he discovered them, they now uttered grunts of satisfaction, as they laid hold and felt of his muscular arms—the elder of the two, who was quite a venerable warrior, saying in English:

"*Good! good! good Injun make! Ugh!*"

"Don't know what kind of a Injun I'll make—nothing to brag on, I reckon—but I'm your prisoner now, that's sartin!" growled Slocum, with a crest-fallen air.

The younger Indian, who resembled the elder enough to be his son, now produced a stout thong of buffalo hide, and proceeded to secure the captive's arms behind his back. This done, the two captors took away his weapons, ammunition, belt, hat, moccasins, and what few little trinkets he chanced to have with him; and then, the elder going before and the younger behind, they set off with him in a northerly direction.

After several hours of fatiguing march over a rough country, during which the captive's bare feet were much cut and lacerated by sharp stones and brambles, they came to a halt; and the younger Indian, seeming to feel some pity for the white man's sufferings, kneeled down and put the moccasins they had taken from him back upon his feet.

"Thank you for that!" said Slocum; "thar's some human natur' into you, I see, ef you be a Injun."

The young warrior looked up and smiled. Whether he understood the words or not, he probably considered them complimentary. The Indians now produced some jerked meat and corn meal, mixing the latter with water, and on these ingredients they made a hearty repast, giving the prisoner his proper share, and unbinding his arms so that he might feed himself. Having rested for an hour or so, they resumed their journey and travelled till quite dark, when they encamped in the open air, upon the bank of a little stream, under the thick-spreading branches of a gigantic tree. Before they lay down to sleep, they evidently consulted upon the best manner of securing their captive; and from the gestures of the elder savage, Slocum judged that he was for having him bound down to a pole, with his hands beneath him and a rope about his neck; while the younger apparently thought it sufficient to have him lay between them, with a thong fastening each of his wrists to one of theirs. The elder seemed to yield with reluctance to the plan of the younger, which was the one finally put in execution.

It was the hope of Slocum that he might be secured in such a way as to give him a chance of getting his liberty in the night, and he would readily have risked his life for a rod the start of his foes in the dark; but when he found himself confined in the manner described, he believed it would be useless to make any attempt at getting away, and so he remained entirely passive physically, but mentally active to the gloomy present, and perhaps horrible future. He thought of his wife and children, whom he had left for an hour or two of sport, but whom he might never look upon again. Even now they were doubtless anxious and alarmed at his long absence, though still hopeful of his speedy return; but, unless he could shortly make his escape, he knew their hope must end in a disappointment the most trying to fond and loving hearts—a disappointment filled with dread uncertainty and wretched forebodings. For a long time he remained awake, thinking a thousand exciting thoughts, pondering his present condition, and wondering what the unknown future had in store for him—if he should ever escape—what privations and sufferings he had yet to undergo, if he should ever be fortunate enough to return to his family.

At last wearied nature was about to seal up his heavy eyelids in sleep, when the elder Indian, who had long been quietly slumbering at his side, roused up suddenly and placed a hand upon his stomach, accompanying the motion with a suppressed groan, as if he were suffering considerable pain. Quick as thought a hope—or, rather, if we may so express it, the *shadow* of a hope—awakened all the senses of the unhappy captive, and made him a keen listener and observer, the while he feigned the appearance of being in a deep and tranquil sleep. Though so dark that the figure of the old Indian, as he sat up beside him, appeared rather like a shadow than a reality, yet, knowing the keenness of sight of these natives of the forest, he kept his own eyes nearly closed, fearful lest the other might perceive him to be awake. The old Indian, with one hand still upon his stomach, moved himself uneasily, uttered two or three more suppressed groans, and then said a few words in his native tongue, which were probably addressed to his son, who, strange to say, appeared to sleep on, making no response. Then passing his hand lightly over the face of the captive, and apparently satisfying himself that he also was asleep, the old savage quietly drew out his knife, severed the thong between him and the prisoner, and silently slipped away in the darkness, probably thinking it unnecessary to wake the younger guard for his temporary absence.

This was the hope that Slocum had rather hoped for from the first than expected to see realized; and now that one arm was free, and one guard away, he fairly trembled with the excitement of the occasion. The chance that a minute before he would have given half his life for, was now his, and when would liberty ever be more within his grasp than now? If, with his liberated hand, he could find and get possession of the knife of the sleeping savage, what could keep him from the freedom he longed for, and a speedy return to his home and friends?"

Nerved to a point of desperation that would have made him unhesitatingly engage in a deadly strife with his savage foe, and yet moving with the caution, if not the timidity, of a little child, he reached over and felt for the belt of his single guard, holding his breath the while in a fearful suspense. His hand touched the belt and glided lightly along it till it rested upon the heft of a knife, and then an indescribable thrill of joy flashed as it were through his whole being, and almost tempted him to an exulting and defying yell. He was no longer so much in the power of his enemy as his enemy in his. What could hinder his escape now? He had not only the means of severing his bonds in an instant, but a weapon that could strike out the life of his guard.

Cautiously, not wishing to arouse the sleeper, he drew forth the knife, and then cautiously but quickly passed the keen blade through the remaining thong—wondering, as he did so, how many scalps, some of them white it might be, had as easily been cut from the heads of the slain by that same weapon. The thought that perhaps that same blade had aforetime been stained with the blood of some unfortunate being of his own race, excited a feeling of hatred, and a desire for vengeance upon the natural enemy of the white man; but besides the imprudence of attempting the life of the savage by his side, with his companion so near at hand—thus perhaps involving himself in a struggle that might result in the death of himself—he could not but remember that his own life had been spared by these very men of the forest, and that the one now directly in his power had shown a kind of rude sympathy for his sufferings and unexpectedly had done him an act of kindness.

"No! no!" thought Slocum, as the whole matter passed rapidly through his mind; "I, as has got white blood *into me, arn't agwine to be less ginerous nor these here red devils, no how; and so I'll* not tech them ef they don't tech me ag'in; but ef they does, then every man for himself, and the Lord be marciful to him as is in the right."

With this he crept silently away from his sleeping foe, till the distance of some half-a-dozen yards divided them, when, considering himself entirely free and nearly out of danger, he quietly rose to his feet, straightened himself up to his full height, and, still holding the knife in one hand, gave his arms one or two swings, like a bird flapping its wings with a perfect sense of freedom.

But Slocum was not yet out of danger, as he suddenly discovered. Whether the old Indian first saw him or heard him, is immaterial to the fact that he was now behind him, and, on the instant, threw his arms around him, uttering several alarming yells, which brought the other warrior quickly to his feet, with a responding whoop. Slocum, however, was this time equal to the emergency. Being a strong, powerful man, nerved to desperation and armed with a dangerous knife, he was not to be recaptured like an unresisting child. With one tremendous spring forward, he freed the arm that held the knife; and swinging round up against the savage, he plunged it into his breast some three or four times in quick succession. The strokes were fatal; the Indian sank down, with scarcely a groan, to die at his feet; and by the time that the other savage had got near enough to grapple with him, Slocum had only one foe to contend with. Furious at this attempt to recapture him, and believing his life now depended on the destruction of both savages, he no longer stopped to consider what might be righteous and merciful, but springing upon the younger savage like an infuriated tiger, he drove his knife directly through his neck, severing the jugular and killing him at once.

The contest over, and his late captors dead beside him, Slocum threw himself down on the ground and rested himself till daylight. Then he took the scalps of both the slain and such articles as he cared about, including all the weapons and ammunition, and set off for home, which he reached in safety, though nearly worn out, before the setting of another sun, to the great joy of his family and the gratification of all in the fort.

"I'd a let the Injuns live ef they'd a let me alone the second time," the old pioneer used to say, in concluding his account of his perilous adventure, at the same time holding up triumphantly the two dried scalps; "but they wouldn't, yer see; and now, yer see, here's all thar is left of 'em, yer see."

—An old negro by the name of Harry, who lived in New Jersey some years ago, commonly made it a practice on holidays to go round the country begging. One Christmas, meeting a Mr. Nicholas G. he thus accosted him:—"Good morning, Massa G.; wish you melly Christmas; please gib ole negur sixpence dis morning?" Mr. G., who well knew the negro, but determining to have a little fun, replied, with some degree of sternness, "Who are you?" "Massa no know me?" answered the negro; "My name Harry; dey call me ole Harry." "Old Harry;" says Mr. G., "they call the devil old Harry." "Yes, massa," replied the negro, "*some time ole Harry, some time ole Nick.*" The wit pleased, and Harry was solaced with a dollar.

HAWTHORNE LODGE.

A ROMANCE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

BREAKING UP.

It was over. The mourners were gone. The funeral train was winding slowly toward the church-yard. My best, my only friend had departed. I was alone in the house—alone in the world.

My memory ran back over the years during which she had protected and loved me. As a child I had come to her, an orphan, and with neither brother nor sister. As a woman she left me—to battle with the world. She had done her duty nobly and well. A quiet, affectionate, undemonstrative woman, she had nurtured and petted me; making my life happy in the present, but thinking little of the future. She had enjoyed a handsome annuity, and we had been able to live in comfort and even luxury. Being well cultivated herself, she knew the advantages of cultivation; and she took care that I should not be deprived of them. An English tutor, a master of languages, and a music-teacher, had combined their efforts to assist in my education. I had progressed rapidly and had long since dispensed with their aid. Under her own direction I had commenced a course of reading in Belle-Lettres. Her own pure taste had led and cultivated mine. Often—and it was a sweet pleasure—we had read together out of the self-same book. I now recalled the latest of these enjoyments—the last book I had read to her. It was the story of "John Halifax, Gentleman." It had charmed her, and, till the end, it dwelt much in her mind. During her illness she frequently spoke of it; and once, only a day before her death, she made me bring her a drink of water in a leaf, declaring, with a sweet smile, that I was her John Halifax, and she, herself, my Ursula. I remembered, too, the angelic peace and loveliness of her pale face, the strange tones of her voice, and the awe with which I listened when she told me she was dying. She had spoken softly; she had tried to prepare me for the coming sorrow; she had kissed me good-bye; and she had gone home to the Father which is in Heaven.

I was alone.

Ah, desolate, dreary rooms, once brightened by that angelic presence, how cruel and cold ye were that day to the bereaved and sorrowing orphan!

* * * * * * * *

Some hours passed, I think, before anything disturbed my grief—hours of conflict and tears, the heart struggling with its own anguish refusing to be comforted, yet all the while verging toward that calm endurance which at last soothes every grief and strengthens us for action and duty.

Presently my aunt's old servant, Jane, came into the room to ask me to come and eat something. "You will be sick else, dearie," she said.

The thought frightened me. To be ill then—so poor—and the battle just before me! Not thus could I take up my inheritance of poverty and set to work for myself in the great, the untried, the unknown world.

And now the new question started up broadly before me, the stern question which so many poor human creatures waste their lives in striving to answer, the great question of poverty and of duty—What shall I do to live?

My aunt, as I have intimated, had lived entirely in the present. She had given me a good education, but she had made no provision for my future. At her death her annuity ceased. I had now to depend entirely on my own resources.

Such thoughts came rudely in the midst of my grief. But I do not complain of them now. I think they served to moderate this new shock of sorrow and stimulate me to action.

It was late that night before I slept. At daybreak I awoke.

On examining my purse I found it contained some thirteen dollars. Of this a portion was due to Jane. The generous old creature was loth to take it; but I insisted and carried my point. Then there was my aunt's furniture—now my own—most of which could be sold. It cost me many a pang to part with the dear old piano, the familiar chairs and lounges, the little library. But I had no choice, and they were sacrificed. I gave the order that day to have them sold. That day also, in glancing over the daily paper, my eyes rested on the following advertisement—the inscription, as it were, upon the archway through which I was presently to pass, entering upon new scenes, and fulfilling the unknown decrees of Destiny:

"WANTED—A Lady to superintend the education of "three children. She must be a competent English "scholar, and able to teach Music and the French Lan-"guage. A member of the Episcopal Church would be "preferable. Salary good. Further particulars made "known upon application. Address F. W. H., Box 801 "D—— Post-Office."

I immediately wrote and despatched an application for this place. On the fifth day I received an answer accepting me for the situation. The name of the family was Hawthorne. They lived at "Hawthorne Lodge," three miles from D—— Post-office. A journey of fifty miles would take me to the spot. Something more than half this distance could, I discovered, be traversed by rail. Then, in the mail-stage, I could cross the country to D—— Post-office, where a carriage would be in readiness to convey me to Hawthorne Lodge. I replied at once, appointing a day for my arrival. My preparations were soon made. The sale of my furniture brought me much less than I had expected; but there was more than enough money to pay the expenses of my journey. I bade adieu to my old home—to the new-made grave in the neighboring churchyard—and, last of all, to poor old Jane. It was a heavy blow. I did weep. I would have been more or less than woman had I not felt great soreness of heart in parting with the last human being of whose affection I felt sure. But that pang had also to be borne. It was soon over. A few moments more, and I was whirled rapidly away.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGER.

On alighting from the railway carriage at the village of Hammond, I learned that I would have to remain there till next day for the stage to D—— Post-Office. It was a vexatious delay; but, as long afterward I learned, it was also most fortunate. My stay at the village inn was, indeed, tedious; but the stage came at early morning, and I hastened to take my place in it, and soon, as the sailors have it, was once more "under weigh." Beside myself there was but one passenger, a gentleman; but whether old or young I could not at first determine, since he was closely muffled in an overcoat, and wore a wide-brimmed hat slouched over his brows, quite concealing his face from observation.

During the first fifteen or twenty minutes of our ride perfect silence reigned within the stage. At length, becoming aware that one of the windows admitted a slight draught of air, my companion suddenly started up, exclaiming in loud and violent tones:

"Confound the fellow! Couldn't he have minded just that when I asked him specially to do so?"

Then, appearing for the first time conscious

of my presence, he asked permission to close the window, saying he was in ill health and fearful of the cold. Of course I assented. Thereupon he surprised me by dashing the window wide open and leaning quietly back in his seat.

I laughed aloud, quite overwhelmed with merriment at his strange manner and conduct.

"Why do you laugh?" he said, abruptly.

"At your droll fashion of closing windows," I replied.

"You think me curious," he continued.

"I do," I said; "and comic. Why not close the window after taking the trouble to explain your dread of the cold and asking my permission?"

"Because I suspect you of being amiable," he answered. "Because I think you wished it to be open, but were willing, out of courtesy, to sacrifice your taste to mine."

"You are mistaken, sir," I said. "I prefer the window closed, and I wish you to close it, if you please."

"I won't," he said.

At this speech, being somewhat startled and vexed, I rose up suddenly and closed the window myself. He, in the meanwhile, wrapping himself still more closely in his overcoat, laughed quite as heartily at me as, a little while before, I had done at him. During the rest of the journey no word was spoken on either side. From time to time, however, my brusque companion laughed quietly to himself, enjoying, as it seemed, the recollection of his own rudeness. The ride was the most tiresome I have ever known. It came to an end, at length, however; but not before I had enjoyed an ample opportunity of observing this singular invalid.

He seemed about thirty years of age. He was tall, and I judged, well-made; for the overcoat could neither conceal nor disguise the broad shoulders and the expansive chest. His face, I judged, was not handsome; but I could not see it wholly. His brow was broad and heavy; his nose aquiline and prominent; his chin full and square; his mouth large, with lips firmly compressed, though neither full nor thin; his eyes bright and dark, and beautifully expressive; his hair black and curling, and his complexion pale. He pleased and at the same time repelled me, this stranger; and I was not sorry, as the time went by, to find myself growing more and more drowsy. To sleep would at least be a relief to the curious restraint of his presence. Moreover, the jolting of the rickety old coach had brought on a severe head-ache. I settled myself comfortably in the corner of the stage, and soon fell soundly asleep; nor did I awake till we reached D—— Post Office, when the driver aroused me by opening the door. As my eyes opened I became aware that my strange companion had divested himself of his overcoat, and thrown it over me, lest I might take cold in my slumber. The little mark of delicate courtesy touched me. I thanked him, half-remonstrating that he should have deprived himself of a protection so essential to the safety of an invalid. "I begin," I added, "to suspect you, sir, of being amiable."

He merely nodded, taking up his coat and not seeming either to hear or notice me. The coachman assisted me to alight, then banged-to the door, sprang upon his box and gathered up the reins.

"Let 'em go, Jem," he cried to the attendant hostler.

And in another minute the old stage, that I was so glad to quit, rattled off on its further journey, carrying with it the eccentric stranger, who was apparently so glad to be quit of me.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW HOME.

I looked upon the departing stage till it turned round a turn in the road, and was hidden from view. The sound of its wheels, however, had not died away when the sound of other wheels, approaching from another direction, aroused me from the momentary reverie into which I had fallen. In a few minutes a carriage, which proved to be Mr. Hawthorne's, was driven rapidly up to the spot. On dismounting, the coachman touched his hat and "s'pos'd" I was "the new governess for the Lodge." I assented, and was assisted into the carriage, two or three people at the door of the little country-store, next the post-offie, looking curiously on the while, after the fashion of boors. Some little delay was here made, incident, I presume, to the quaffing of beer on the part of the coachman, and some little flirtation of that functionary with the bar-maid, whom from a distance I heard him hail as "Phœbe Ann." But this, like all sweet things, came to an end, and we were presently once more in motion. A ride of half-an-hour brought us to the Lodge, of which, as we approached, I took a rapid survey from the carriage-window. It was a large and handsome building, built of red brick and flanked with square turrets. Another building stood near it, a little in the rear; and both were, as the poet has it, "bosomed high in tufted trees." More particular observation of the premises I could not then make. The carriage stopped. I was at my new home.

A very pretty little girl met me at the hall door and led me into the drawing-room, requesting me to wait there for Mrs. Hawthorne. Left alone, I occupied some minutes in looking at the pictures about the walls, and was still intent upon the portrait of a handsome boy, apparently some seventeen or eighteen years of age, when a rustling sound near the door caused me to look around, and I found myself in the presence of that lady. A dark, imperial, proud woman it was, as I saw at a glance, near fifty years of age, and still almost queenly in her beauty. When she spoke, her voice, though musical, was frigid, her tones were icily polite, and her manner was almost unbearably haughty. She said little, however, merely giving me a formal welcome and expressing the hope that Miss Cameron would competently fill the position of governess in Mrs. Hawthorne's family. I replied with a quiet assurance that I should endeavor to fulfil my duties faithfully. She bowed, and turning toward the little maiden, who had in the meanwhile returned to the room, said, very gently:

"Madelaine, my dear, you will show the lady to her apartment. This is my youngest daughter, Miss Cameron, and one of your pupils. You will be summoned to dinner almost immediately."

Saying which, she left the room. I shall notice that Mrs. Hawthorne's manner in speaking to me was in marked contrast with that gentleness she had shown toward little Madelaine. So marked, in fact, as almost to be rude. Naturally a formal being, I now protected myself with that best of defences for the sensitive, absolute dignity and reserve.

I had hardly finished my toilet, when I was summoned to dinner. The whole family was assembled—so, at least, I judged—and to the whole family Mrs. Hawthorne presented me.

"Miss Cameron," she said, "my daughters; Miss Katherine Hawthorne, Miss Augusta, Miss Ruth, Miss Madelaine. My youngest son, Master Allan. My dears—The Governess."

I bowed.

Dinner went on, almost in silence. It was a long time before I looked up to see what sort of persons these were. My observation, however, was well repaid.

Miss Katherine Hawthorne was indeed a beautiful woman. A fair copy of her mother, she had the same bright, stately beauty, a very little softened, and was, I thought, more truly a lady. Miss Augusta was the very opposite of her beautiful sister—a blonde, of the most exquisite type, having blue eyes and sunny hair, a complexion delicate as lilies, teeth like pearls, a slight and graceful form, and most sweet voice. Of this sister, Madelaine, the youngest, was a miniature likeness; while Ruth—Alas! poor, gentle, meek, dove-eyed Ruth—I see thy pale face now as then I saw it, the features drawn and distorted, the brow lined with pain, yet all heaven looking out from thy soft, pure eyes! She was a deformed girl, little Ruth, and when she rose from table that day, I saw it, and saw her limp away painfully, and sighed and pitied her. She was my pet from that time. As to Master Allan, his frank, blue eyes and cordial, handsome face, were—as the next day I saw, when for the first time I met Mr. Hawthorne—inherited from his father. A little of the mother's haughtiness of expression sat gracefully enough upon the child, and made him peculiar. These three—Ruth, Madelaine and Allan—were to become my pupils.

As it was already late in the week when I arrived at the Lodge, it was settled that I should not formally enter upon my duties as Governess until the commencement of a new week. I welcomed this delay, knowing that it would enable me to become more familiar with my new home, and very fully appreciating the value of that feeling of being "settled" which, to a good many people besides clergymen, is the first requisite to successful labor. In the meanwhile—having learned from the careless talk of the children that the room I occupied was still Miss Augusta's, and justly inferring that Mrs. Hawthorne's sensitive vanity shrank from informing me that Hawthorne Lodge could not always afford me so good an apartment—I requested to be allowed one of the turret chambers, as being smaller and more to my taste than any other. My wish was granted.

I found my pupils apt and clever; the eldest, indeed,—my little Ruth,—was quite a good scholar, though very shy and painfully sensitive regarding her deformity. Her father, her brother and her sisters were very gentle toward this child; but I observed, with pain, that her mother treated her with a coldness and severity which, though half involuntary, was only too evident, and which pierced the poor child to her heart's core. In later days, as her reserve wore off, little Ruth used to confide to me the agony which her mother's manner caused her; saying always that she felt herself to be the object of her mother's hatred and disgust, but always professing for that mother, what indeed she deeply cherished, the most absolute, impassioned love.

On one occasion, particularly, I was myself the witness of the mother's cruelty and the daughter's grief—such cruelty and such grief as may not easily be forgotten. Some severe slight had been shown toward Ruth, and I had found her in the school-room, weeping bitterly. I tried to console her, and finding it a more difficult task than usual, resorted to an expedient which I thought would mitigate the horror she had of her own person and appearance. I enticed her into the garden, and there laughingly placed a little chaplet of flowers on her head, declaring she looked quite pretty—as indeed she did. Pleased at the thought, and hoping to win a kind word from her stern mother, the poor child besought me to let her go in and show herself. It did seem to me that the woman, haughty as she was, would be touched at such a spectacle; and I consented. With a quick beating heart I led my little pet into the drawing-room. Mrs. Hawthorne was there. I shall never forget the terrible expression of utter woe and shuddering loneliness that came over poor Ruth's face, when her mother, with cold, cutting sarcasm, bade her remove the flowers and not seek to make herself more hideous by contrast with beauty. I felt the blow myself. I could not meet the child's eyes, nor had I one word of comfort to offer when, hours later, as I passed to the turret, I heard her subdued sobs through the half-open door of her chamber.

With the two younger children I made friends at once; with Allan, by duly admiring his tops and marbles, declaring I had never before seen so many toys; with Madelaine, by listening to the story of a pet kitten, given her by her brother Herbert—the original of the portrait I had seen in the drawing-room, and who was away at college—and by condoling with her over the tragical incident of the cat's decease.

Such was my new home—such were my associates in Hawthorne Lodge.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAVILION.

I approach the record of a mystery. A startling experience to me at the time it was, as I saw in after days, the prelude to experiences yet more vital and momentous.

I recall the solemn night; the late-risen moon; the great trees glistening in silver light; the sudden unearthly music; the vision, lovely yet terrible!

Let me record these memories. I had been living little more than two weeks at Hawthorne Lodge. It was my habit to read by night, and on this night I sat up and read in my turret chamber, till a very late hour. My windows stood open, and the cool breath of summer fluttered the gauzy curtains, and wafted gently to my ears the murmurs of the trees outside, and soothed me with pleasing scents and sweet caresses. It was a very peaceful time, and as I sat there musing over the pure pages of the "Attic Philosopher," my whole being seemed in harmony with the perfect beauty and sacred quiet of the night. Suddenly, like a voice from Heaven, a most delicious melody—sweet and sad, as with unutterable love and sorrow—flooded all the air and thrilled me into the motionless suspense of sudden wonder and delight.

It was the music of Norma.

When I had sufficiently recovered my senses from this so sudden shock of joy, I extinguished the light in my chamber and crept to the window. Still the sounds continued—melodious, unearthly, beautiful. It was a woman's voice that I heard, a voice of surpassing sweetness, though fraught with such anguish and utter despair as only the broken-hearted know. And now sadness replaced my former mood of joy. The singer was nowhere visible; yet I seemed to see the storm-tost face, the dark, flaming eyes, the wild, passion-shaken form.

Suddenly the voice was still. Silence, like a blow, fell on the night and stunned it.

Still crouching at the window, I looked and waited. No sound save of the murmuring leaves. The moon, large and full, sailed up the sky in splendor. The whole earth seemed bathed in a sea of silver. Entranced by the beauty of the night, I gazed, now, with longing unutterable, up into the deep dark vault of Heaven, and now, with pensive sadness, upon the lustrous earth. All at once, as I looked downward, I saw that the skylight of the Pavilion was open. In a moment my gaze was riveted to that spot. Was it thence came the mysterious music? Did the broken-hearted woman dwell there—the divine singer?

I had not long to wait.

A figure rose through the opening—a woman's form, disclosed to the waist. Her back was turned toward me; but I saw that her garments were black, and that her long black hair, all unbound, swept around her shoulders like a sable veil, glistening with its own glossy sheen.

While I looked a stern voice addressed her from within the house.

"Come down, Miriam," it said.

"I will not," she answered. Her tones startled and thrilled me, they were so wild, so deep.

Again the voice was heard; but it sounded more gently now. It was that of a man, evidently.

"Come down, Miriam, come down, dearest," he said.

I saw the women start and tremble at this change of tone. She turned, and I saw her face. The moonlight fell broadly upon glorious eyes that seemed to burn with their own scorching flame, upon lineaments pale and ghastly as those of the sheeted dead. It was a terrible spectacle. Across her forehead went a smear of blood, the trace as of a gash, and the red drops slowly trickled down her face. She raised her hands with a quick, impatient movement. They too were bloody. She clasped them a moment on her brow, pushing back the hair from her temples. Another moment and she was gone. The skylight closed with a spring, that snapped in the stillness like the "click" of a pistol.

I heard and saw no more. During the rest of that night I scarcely slept at all.

When I entered the breakfast-parlor next morning, Miss Augusta was alone there. She noticed the marks of weariness in my face and asked what troubled me. In reply I told her what I had observed in the Pavilion. The story amused her. "You have been dreaming," she said. "It is quite impossible, Miss Cameron, that such things should really be seen there. The Pavilion is indeed occupied; but by one person only, a gentleman named Gould, who is thought to be a little crazy. He has lived there a long while, but quite alone. You must surely have dreamed all this romance about the worthy man's skylight."

Saying which Miss Augusta laughed kindly, and the subject was dropped.

Later in the day however, I once more adverted to it, and asked her for some account of the Pavilion and the strange neighbor. She still persisted in ridiculing my vision; but she told me that when Mr. Hawthorne bought the property, some twelve years before, he had intended to have the Pavilion torn down; but finding it tenanted by one who struck his fancy as being a "character," had retained it and continued its lease to Mr. Gould. This eccentric person, she told me, kept no domestics except an old housekeeper; neither made nor received visits; nor admitted any one into the house, excepting on rent-days Mr. Hawthorne or his agent; or, three times a week, a maid-of-all-work hired from the neighboring village. In all regards Mr. Gould was a hermit.

Here was romance.

A few mornings after, Mrs. Hawthorne called me into the drawing-room, and remarking that Augusta had told her something about a strange vision of mine, requested me to relate the facts regarding what I had observed at the sky-light of the pavilion.

I told her.

As she listened, her face grew pale.

"Strange," she muttered; "strange, very strange."

Then, with a keen glance upon my face, she said:

"Of course it was all a fancy, Miss Cameron. But I beg that you will not mention the circumstance—at least, not in hearing of the children."

She dismissed me with a cool wave of her jewelled hand. But she was ill at ease; that I saw plainly.

The same evening, Miss Augusta bade us all good-bye, and set out on a short journey, to visit some friends not many miles away. It saddened me to part with her, for her presence was like sunshine in the house, and I had already grown to like her very much. My evening walk was far from cheerful. When I returned, Mrs. Hawthorne met me in the hall, saying she had been looking for me, to suggest that, as I probably felt uncomfortable in the room where I had been troubled with such unpleasant visions, it would be well for me to occupy another apartment. But I much preferred the little turret chamber, and declined, therefore, to put her to the trouble of making any change in the household arrangements. She was disappointed, but said no more at the time. On several occasions afterwards, however, she repeated this suggestion. I was determined to remain where I was; and it was evident enough that she was troubled about it. What would come of this mystery was now my theme of conjecture.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE VAULT.

In one of my customary evening walks, I discovered, by the roadside, about two miles from "Hawthorne Lodge," the grass-grown, moss-covered ruin of an old house. At first, and for a long time, I felt no inclination to examine the inside of this ruin. Finally, however, curiosity impelled me to enter it. On the first floor there were five rooms. In one of them I found a gold thimble, bruised out of shape, together with a few other trifling articles of the work-table and the toilet, which led me to conclude that the room had once been occupied by a lady. I attempted to ascend to the second floor, but the stairs were old and rotten, and I feared to trust them. The basement stairs, however, were much stronger; and the basement was, accordingly, explored. It contained two large rooms; one of them dimly lighted by means of a small window near the ceiling, the other quite dark. In walking cautiously across the floor of this latter apartment, the heel of my boot struck against a piece of iron, nearly tripping me up. It was a large iron ring, attached to a trap-door. Exerting all my strength, I raised it so as to look into the vault beneath. It was dark as midnight, and sent forth a noxious and repulsive vapor, from which I was glad to make a hasty flight to the upper rooms and the light of day.

As I walked homeward, however, I mentally promised to return at no distant time and explore the vault.

When I reached the Lodge, I found Miss Augusta—who had arrived during my absence—descanting upon the graces and accomplishments of a certain Mr. Charles Brantley, whom she had met at the residence of her friends. Mrs. Hawthorne seemed deeply interested. She generally did, I may observe, when gentlemen likely to be "good matches" were themes of conversation. Miss Katherine, meanwhile, was playfully bantering her sister on the score of this sudden enthusiasm.

"Did you ask the paragon to call upon you, Gussie?" she said.

"Of course I did," was the reply. "But I'm not in love with him—not I, indeed! I left that for you."

I heard no more of their talk, but went away to my room.

Three days later I made another visit to the ruin, carrying with me a small lamp, and bent on exploring the vault. Arrived in the dark basement, I lighted my lamp, and at once proceeded to lift the trap-door. It could, I found, be fastened back to the wall by means of a chain which hung there for the purpose. I retreated from the aperture, allowing time for some of the foul gasses to escape before I should venture in the vault. When at length I stood in this subterranean pit—to which a ladder gave access through the trap-door—I perceived the wisdom of my precaution. Even then the air was so rank and dense as almost to be suffocating. I intended only to walk around the place once, to look at the walls, the ceiling and the floor, and then to leave it forever. It would, I knew, be necessary to make my examination brief, and I therefore began it at once, holding the lamp above my head, and moving cautiously over the slimy floor. Suddenly, as I advanced, the rays of light flashed upon something white, just a few paces before me. With a low cry of terror I stopped and glared upon it. A human skeleton, crumbling into fragments, lay there before me. For a moment the fascination of horror held me to the spot. I saw the horrible, empty eye-sockets; the broad expanse of bone where once had reigned the living signs of intellect; the fleshless, grinning mouth; the gaunt frame-work of the body; the long, bony limbs. Then, with a shriek of horror, I fled away. Up the ladder I fled, seeming each moment to feel the clutch of those bony fingers—through the basement—my lamp still burning as I rushed along—up the stairs and into the outer room! It was the work of an instant. As I rushed towards the door, the fresh breeze, blowing in, extinguished my lamp. At the same time the figure of a man started forth and stood directly before me. I reeled with terror, and tripped over something. In another moment I should have fallen. The figure stretched forth its arms. I was caught up and set firmly erect. Then a good-natured voice said composedly:

"Now, am I not the most convenient and obliging ghost that ever you saw?"

It was my eccentric companion of the stage-coach.

My immediate impulse was to scold this gentleman for having frightened me almost out of my wits. He replied, with assumed modesty, intimating his inability to perceive how the mere presence of an individual so unimportant as himself should anyway produce an effect so momentous. In rejoinder I agreed that he was right.

As we left the ruin together, he asked which way I was going. I replied by turning in the direction of Hawthorne Lodge.

"In that case," he said, "our paths are the same."

"How did you come here, sir?" I asked.

"We meet somewhat unceremoniously," he said. "Perhaps, however, it is as well."

"Quite; but you do not answer me."

"A word will do that. I am walking this way to call at a friend's house. At some distance back I saw a lady enter the house we have just left, and, knowing it to be uninhabited, I was curious to catch a glimpse of the fair spirit of the place. I looked through all the rooms, before you came and tumbled into my arms."

"Say rather, before you terrified me by your sudden intrusion, as you now amuse me by your calm impertinence. It is no matter, though. Your courtesy on a former occasion shall be remembered in excuse of your present rudeness."

"Thank you," he said, very shortly. "Is this the road to Hawthorne Lodge?"

"It is."

"And will you point out the place to me?"

"When we reach it I will."

For the rest of the way we walked on in silence, or with but now and then a word. At length we reached the gate, and I announced the end of his journey. He seemed much surprised on finding that it was also the end of mine. His manner toward me changed perceptibly, on the instant. He assumed deference and spoke with a certain air of cool civility that I did not like. It was well enough, doubtless, but somehow very ungenial.

"Am I speaking to the sister of Miss Augusta Hawthorne?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"To some one of her friends, then?"

"Nor yet to one of her friends."

"To whom, if I may inquire?"

"To a mysterious stranger," I rejoined.

We had by this time reached the front door. Enjoying his slight mystification, I suddenly darted away, and passing through a side gate into the back garden, entered the house by another door.

This, then, I thought, is Mr. Brantley. It was a pleasant surprise to have met this gentleman. I liked him better than when I saw him first. As to his appearance, moreover, I had made a mistake in my judgment. He was a very handsome man, refined, cultivated, fascinating; yet wholly unlike the stereotyped man of society. From the first he had attracted me; but not the faintest glimmer of perception had thus far dawned upon me, as to the peculiar and wonderful influence he was destined to exercise upon all my after life.

As I sat in my chamber that night, I reflected on my discoveries in the old ruin. What could they mean? And how was it, moreover, that in only a few short weeks so much mystery, unconnected with myself, should have forced itself upon my regard? The beautiful music I had heard by night; the mysterious woman with the blood-stained brow; the strange anxiety of Mrs. Hawthorne lest I might observe her neighbors more closely; and last of all, the mouldering skeleton in the vault of that old ruin;—why to me came the knowledge of these things? What could it all mean?

Suddenly—even as I recalled these mysteries and strove to solve them—the sound of the same sweet voice, singing the same sad words, floated out upon the peaceful air. I started up, opened the window, leaned forward and listened. Whence the sound came, I could not now determine. But I heard it, ah, so sweetly, so mournfully!

CHAPTER VI.

TETE A TETE.

Mr. Brantley came often to Hawthorne Lodge. He seemed pleased with the family and the family seemed pleased with him. Mrs. Hawthorne indeed did not seem to impress him with any profound feeling of admiration; but between Mr. Hawthorne and himself there sprang up an immediate sympathy which finally resulted in earnest friendship. For the daughters he seemed to have a quiet sort of regard which promised badly in the eyes of the match-making mother. Katherine he admired; but I thought he seemed to consider Augusta as the more lovely and charming. Often when he looked toward her, I observed a strange expression in his eyes, sad, wistful and tender. He did not love either of them—that was evident. To my little Ruth he was especially kind and gentle, and I liked him the better for it. To me he was friendly, but generally brusque and nonchalant in manner. To all, however, he was a welcome visitor; and when in course of time he accepted Mrs. Hawthorne's invitation to spend some days at the Lodge, he was greeted as a favorite guest and established on the best terms with the family.

On the morning after his arrival, as I was passing the parlor door on my way to the school-room, he came out and accosted me. We had had no conversation since the day of my adventure at the ruin, though we had several times met and exchanged the ordinary courtesies of common acquaintanceship. Now, however, my eccentric gentleman seemed to have found his tongue and was determined to use it.

"Don't hasten, Miss Cameron," he said. "Where are you going, and why do you run away from me?"

"Do not flatter yourself, sir," I replied. "You are not so august a person as your words would seem to imply. I am going to my school-room."

"I will go too."

"You will fulfill your own invitation, of course."

I went on, and he walked beside me to the door. "This then is your little work-shop," he said, as we entered the room. "I suppose it is here that you mould the young idea, and 'shoot folly as it flies.'"

"As to the latter point, Mr. Brantley is qualified to judge."

"Hum! Miss Cameron, what is your given name?"

"Mary."

"Mary. Is it possible? The divinest of all names. Much too divine for you."

I courtesied deeply.

"A governess ought not to have a sweet name, eh? Do you know Miss Cameron, that when you ran away from me the other day, I think you were ashamed of being a governess here, and didn't wish me to discover it?"

"I ashamed! Sir! Mr. Brantley! You insult me!"

He laughed heartily, just as in the stage he had done, when I seemed vexed about the window. I saw at once that he wished to make me angry. He had gained a point.

"Don't turn your face away, Miss Cameron," he said. "Please don't! I'm sure I'm sorry; but then it is such a splendid sight to see you in a passion. How your eyes flashed, to be sure and how your cheeks burned! Do you know, Miss Cameron, that ever since the time when you sprang up like a jet of fire to close that stage-window, I have wished to see you in a genuine rage?"

I was about to make some retort to this speech, when the door suddenly opened and Mrs. Hawthorne entered the room. Seeing us as we stood together near my desk, the haughty lady stopped short, smiled a significant and sneering smile, then turned to go away. I understood the smile, and I am sure *my* face was as quiet as silence, when I asked her calmly if she wished to speak with me. She sneered out an apology for her "intrusion."

"I did not know you were engaged," she said.

"Nor am I, madam. My time is quite at your disposal."

Then Mr. Brantley spoke.

"I fear that I am the intruder here, Mrs. Hawthorne," he said. "Miss Cameron is fool enough, on the strength of a previous acquaintance to recognize me as one of her friends, and so it was I presumed to enter the sacred precincts of the school-house."

And with a slight bow to both of us, he was gone.

For half a minute I remained in silence, waiting for Mrs. Hawthorne to make known her business. This she presently did by saying:

"Miss Cameron, I wished to say say that—at least—will you be good enough to come to breakfast?"

I put away Madelaine's copy book, and a slight smile at the same time, and followed Mrs. Hawthorne from the room.

Somehow the good lady did not seem imperial just then.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROMISE.

She was very beautiful that morning—Katherine Hawthorne. She wore a morning dress of pale rose-colored cachemire, gathered in at the waist with a silk belt, of the same shade. Her embroidered skirts were visible, touching the instep of her small foot. Her white hands looked whiter, softer, more transparent, from the flashing of the two rings she wore; and her beautiful arms were bared to the elbow, white, smooth, and exquisitely moulded as is the ideal of the sculptor in the purity of Parian marble. Her eyes flashed through the drooping lashes; her round cheeks glowed with crimson beauty; her scarlet lips, just parted a little, revealed the even, delicate pearls within; and her glossy black hair, swept back from her snowy temples, was fastened behind her head by a small gold pin.

I did not wonder that the eyes of Mr. Brantley were so frequently turned upon her with undisguised admiration. I did not wonder that he wished to share her society that morning, when, directly after breakfast, he followed her out for a ramble in the garden.

As I went away to my school-room, a thought of my own plainness came over me. It was not a bitter thought, then. But there was a time to come when I should know its bitterness,—a time when the gnawing hunger of jealous love was to wither my heart almost to ashes.

But not then.

On entering the school-room I noticed that the flowers in my vase (I always kept them by me) were withered and sallow. So I went into the garden to gather fresh ones, and fill it again. It took me but a little while, and I was just finishing my bouquet with a moss rose bud, when a voice close by me said, in pleasant tones:

"Not that one—let me give you these."

And Mr. Brantley held toward me three very beautiful ones. I took them, and as I did so looked around for Miss Katherine.

"Back to your queen, sir," I said.

He only smiled.

"I want to ask you just one question, Miss Cameron. I want you to answer."

"Well. Ask it, sir."

"What were you doing at that old ruin, yon time?"

"Making discoveries."

"And what were your discoveries, pray?"

"That is a second question, Mr. Brantley. You were to ask but one."

"Nay, now! Don't trifle. I want very much to know."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because your eyes had a scared look. I want to know what frightened you."

"I am going there again some day, Mr. Brantley. Perhaps I shall make a real discovery. But at present I must not speak of it. When I have once more seen the place, I will tell you something curious."

"You promise me this?"

"I promise."

He said no more, but went away to Katherine.

What was it in those three rose-buds that made me keep them, long after all the other flowers were dead and gone? To be continued in our next.

To be continued in our next.

—Some time since a captain of a vessel had a quantity of coals to go on board, and as a great number lay scattered about the wharf, he thought it would be best to get a rake that he might more speedily collect them together, he went into a counting house and enquired of the merchant, whether he could have the loan of a *rake* for a few minutes? The merchant smiled, and looking significantly round at his clerks, said, "I believe I have a number of them, but no one who will readily answer for your purpose;" the captain comprehending the pun, replied, "I think you are quite right, for neither of them, I suppose, would wish to be '*hauled over the coals*.'"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG—THE ORIENT STAR AND MOUNTAIN ROSE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

My Love upon the mountain dwells,
In yonder Orient afar,
And hers to wear on fairest brows
Its large imperial star,
A melody of flame, a sign
Of something mystic and divine:
Let meaner maidens crown with fire
Of earth in their unheavened desire.

II.

My Love upon the mountain dwells,
Where purest air forever flows,
And hers to tend, a proud white Eve,
Its large imperial rose,
That angels water with the dew
From urns of Heaven's serenest blue:
Let meaner maidens in the vale
Nurse jasmines weak and lilies pale.

III.

My Love upon the mountain dwells:
Her soul is queen of all the place,
And all the quiet majesty
Is mirrored in her face:
O sacred sovran of my heart,
So emptied of all tricking art,
Lean from thy sky-kissed throne afar,
And fill *me* with the Rose and Star!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 33.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

TREED BY BLOOD-HOUNDS.

We were very fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Mosilikatse—more fortunate than we then supposed. We were entering an excellent hunting country, and the land of elephants was not many days distant. On the 19th we marched twenty miles, through a beautiful wood, and in the evening outspanned and camped by a fountain of fine water, where we shot two harrisbucks, and a small antelope of a species entirely new to us. After supper, as we sat beneath a magnificent mowane tree, smoking our pipes, it was suggested that Abner Jackson should tell us a story. He had, during the day, made some allusion to a certain adventure of his in the Western wilds of America, and we were anxious to hear the particulars.

Abner was a good hearted fellow, and needed but little coaxing; and having knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed a small piece of tobacco in his mouth, he told us as follows:

"Our regiment had been watching the Indians for some months, and during all that time both the quarter-master and myself had had no opportunity to replenish our stores. At length, however, it became evident that somehing must be done. I had no tobacco; no tea; no sugar; no coffee; and no whiskey; and you can rest assured that our ways were getting uneasy. The want of tobacco was most seriously felt. The nearest settlement, where we could hope to purchase goods, was fifty miles away, through a dense forest. After talking the matter over with the colonel, it was finally arranged that I should take one of the regimental teams—a stout narrow-framed wagon, with four big mules—and that the wagoner and a corporal should go with me. Jack Lombard was our wagoner, and the corporal detailed for this service was a Massachusetts boy, named Tom. Sturtevant. We had had scouts roaming through *the forest in that direction, and we knew there were no Indians in our way; so we were not particular about a strong guard.*

"We started early in the morning, and made ten miles the first day. We found it harder work getting our wagon along than we had anticipated. However, we should find it easier on the return, and we pushed on. The second day we made fifteen miles; and on the third day we made about twenty. This brought us to within some five miles of the settlement; and we might have pushed on further in the darkness had we not found a house which offered us a convenient and comfortable shelter for the night. It was a large log house, with a small open horse-shed in the rear, within which we found a man and a woman. This man was a trapper, and I thought he looked honest. He said he owned the place—that he and his wife lived there alone—and that we could stop until morning, as well as not. We unharnessed the mules and hitched them under the shed, and then entered the hut, where the woman soon prepared us a supper of good, sweet corn bread and fresh venison. The host's name was Ingalls. He said he had lately come from Kentucky, and had bought the hut of an old fellow who had gone down into Texas. I liked his appearance, and had no thought that he could be dishonest. He saw my empty wagon, and he saw the uniforms of my companions; and as he knew that soldiers were stationed away to the westward of him, he imagined that we had come to purchase stores. I admitted to him that he was correct, and there the conversation upon that topic ended.

"At nine o'clock we retired. The host remarked to us as he took up his candle, that he should be forced to put us in the loft, as he had no bed below save the one which he and his wife used. I had no thought of making objection to this, and followed the man up the simple ladder without hesitation. In the loft were two rough beds of straw, and two or three pine stools. Skins of all kinds, and in all stages of dressing, hung from the rafters, and at one end were suspended a number of pieces of smoked meat. Lombard and Sturtevant took one bed, and I took the other. We talked a little while—talked of travelling, and of hunting, and of trapping, and by and by the corporal said something about robbers, at which I laughed.

"'It don't make no odds,' said he; 'that old rat down stairs knows what your business is; and of course he knows that you must have money. Uncle Sam's sutlers and quarter-masters don't go to buy stores without money.'

"I laughed again, and told Sturtevant to go to sleep. I went to sleep, and slept some time. It must have been some time, for the moon was shining when I awoke, and I knew that the moon did not rise until after midnight.

"There was a noise below. I heard the hum of voices; and in the yard I heard the whining of dogs. My companions were awake, and upon their elbows.

"'Whew!' uttered Lombard, 'them's nigger hunters.'

"The corporal asked him how he knew.

"'Because them critters outside is blood-hounds,' was the wagoner's reply.

"I began to feel serious. The new-comers might be nigger-hunters, or they might not—it mattered little to me;—the sound of their voices was not pleasant. There was a roughness, and a wickedness, and a peculiar tinge of bravado in the tones which struck me, and made me uneasy. I could not but remember that I had over a thousand dollars in gold in the belt about my waist. At all events, I rubbed open my eyes, pricked my ears, and sat up to listen.

"In a little while I made some important discoveries. There were at least six men in the gang below, and they were rough, hard customers. If our host was not their friend and accomplice, he was at least their tool, either through fear or self-interest. They had learned that we three were in the loft; that we had come from the military station; and that we were after stores.

"'Then they've got money,' I heard one man say.

"'Yes—any quantity of it,' replied our host.

"And then they talked in lower tones; but I well understood that they meant to attack and rob us. And that was not all: they meant to have our mules and my horse—for you will understand that I had brought my horse with me,—and they meant to dispose of us in a manner that should leave us powerless to blow against them. Before I could confer with my companions, and arrange for any plan of defence, we heard the rascals start to ascend the ladder. I knew that there were as many as six of them, and I had reason to believe they were desperate fellows. Directly at my head was an open window, not more than ten feet from the ground. The thought of meeting the villains in that low, dark loft was not pleasant; and as the ladder was at the opposite end from where we were, I did not think it safe to try to prevent their coming up. Had we done so, they could have held us where we were until daylight, and then shot us at their leisure from without. I had



not removed my clothing; and when I knew that the rascals were coming, I called for my companions to follow me, and leaped from the window. I saw the dogs as I got upon my feet; but they were tethered, and could not reach me. My principal object, at that moment, was to save the money I had with me, a large portion of which belonged to the government; and while I sprang for my horse I supposed my companions would take the mules, and follow me. I heard them both behind me, and as I cast my horse's bridle over his head and *leaped to his back, I saw them unhitching the mules.*

"*My horse was a safe, sure-footed beast,* and I imagined that I should reach the settlement without further trouble; for I knew that the enemy had no horses, and that they could by no means keep up even with our mules on foot. I supposed that I knew the way to the settlement; but I managed to strike the wrong path. After riding half an hour, and finding the way grow more and more difficult and obscure, I stopped and took an observation. I had been a fool. The moon was over my left shoulder. I had been riding to the northward, while I should have been riding to the eastward. What was to be done now? I had no doubt that my companions had taken the right road. Lombard knew the route, and was probably out of harm's way by that time.

"I was asking myself what I should do when a sound fell upon my ears that caused me to think what I *could* do. The robbers were not coming, but the BLOOD-HOUNDS were!

"Do you know the nature of those Southern blood-hounds? Yes,—you all do. You know that death alone can put them back from their game. I heard them coming, and I knew that they were upon my track,—I knew that their villanous masters had sent them to overhaul me. I tell you frankly, I was frightened. I had a pair of pistols with me; but what would they do against a pack of hounds! There were as many as six of them, I knew; for I had seen them as I came out from the hut. To put spurs to my horse would be useless, for the dogs would overhaul me let me do my utmost. There was but one way. I must take refuge in a tree. I could not avoid the devils by turning from the direct course, for there was no water at hand to drink up the scent of my tracks. The pursuers were almost upon me—within a few rods—when I cast my horse's bridle over a branch and leaped into a tree. I had just mounted to a safe seat upon a large limb when the hounds came up. They did not offer to molest my horse, but stuck their noses up towards me, and snuffed and howled most demoniacally.

"The moon, which had been rising higher and higher, now threw considerable light down into the forest, and I could see the hounds very plainly—six of them—even to their color. I had a pair of revolvers with me—good ones—each with six barrels; and I had spare ammunition in my pocket. It struck me that, if I were careful, I might shoot the dogs before their masters could come up; and with this idea I began to study and plan. There was a limb lower down than the one upon which I sat—so low that I had climbed above it for fear the dogs might reach me there. Down upon that lower limb I went, thus holding myself just about six feet above the ground. Two of the dogs sprang at me and almost touched me. Twice they did this, and then they stood up against the tree and growled at me. I could not miss such a shot. I held the muzzle of my pistol within six inches of one of those ugly heads and fired. The brute tumbled over, and in a moment more the second hound was rolling and kicking by his side.

"All I had to do was to re-cock my pistol, and wait for the rest; and they were not slow in coming. Three of the remaing four leaped up against the tree, and I shot one of them in the mouth, sending the ball, as was soon evident, down into his heart. As I prepared my pistol for the fourth shot, a hound leaped and caught the knee of my pants. He tore the cloth, but did not hurt me; but he got hurt, however, though I did not kill him. The bullet struck him in the shoulder, and he ran howling away into the wood.

"There were now but two hounds left, and at them I fired five shots. One of them I killed, and the other ran.

"The moon was growing pale, and the sun was coming up. The day had dawned without my noticing it. As the last dog staggered off into the bushes, I heard the crashing of heavy footsteps, and the sound of human voices. The owners of the hounds were coming. My horse stood where I had left him, and it took me but a few seconds to take my seat in the saddle. The bushwhackers were not far distant, in the very path I had come, so I was forced to push on in a way I knew not. But fortune favored me. At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile, I struck a broad, open path; and in an hour from that time I was at the settlement, where I found Lombard and Sturtevant safe and sound. They fancied that I had fled back towards our post. They had the mules, but not the wagon.

"Among the people of the settlement we found plenty who were ready and willing to go out with us after the bushwhackers; but we did not find them. We found the man and woman at the old hut, but we could fasten no intention of crime upon them. We took our wagon to the village, purchased our stores, and returned to the post without further difficulty.

"Three months after that one of our companies captured a lot of prairie pirates, and delivered them over to the civil authorities of Jackson. I saw the rascals, and have no doubt that they were the ones who gave me chase through the woods, and whose hounds I shot."

HOPE.

Sweet Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?
Not with the eagle on the rock,
The civic strife, or battle shock,
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!
This be life's care to win.
Its noblest score—
But not in solitude—alone—sweet Hope!

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

In every age since the dawn of human civilization, history has formed an important branch of education. Commending itself to all classes and conditions of men, as much by consequence of the interesting and important character of its matter as a portraiture of the past, as by the truthful and sincere lessons it conveys of the school of human experience. In the consideration of history in the latter phase it rises to the sublime dignity of a sage, venerable and sagacious, from whose precepts there can be no divergence with propriety or safety; for life has its experimental character as well as science; but the true philosopher in the one as the other, will not vary from what may be considered its established data. As a preceptor in the science of human wisdom, history has no compeer. It points without passion or prejudice to where the seeds were cast into the earth, and with the majesty of destiny it withdraws its mantle from their inevitable fruits.

It may be said that knowledge, which is intelligence of a higher order, is comparative—that it is estimated extrinsically by its relative value only, for intrinsically it has no value save to the possessor—useful only when it is used. History, then, is valuable as a record of the progress of knowledge, the development of the intellect, and the growth and expansion of the principles of material economy. Every fact which it chronicles is full of interest to us—for the man of the present, in all his essential qualities, is but a reproduction of the man of the past, under a more benign influence, with a *better* intelligence, and a more enlarged horizon for the employment of his nobler and more peaceful instincts.

A true appreciation of the present period of human progress cannot be had without an application of the tests of history. It is the universal standard of human knowledge, and a living fountain of infallible wisdom. To the philosopher, really sincere in his love and pursuit of truth, it is an exhaustless, efflorescent receptacle. There he finds it robbed of all the outward, delusive appliances that obstruct the view of the present beholder, biassed and controlled as he is by interest, sensibility, and the demands of faction.

Bare to the very springs of his most secret action are the records of man in the hands of history. That which was dark or hidden in conception, difficult or impossible in construction, the pen of the historian, like the wand of the magician, pours over all a flood of light. While taking from invention none of its utility, from art none of its beauty, he spreads out the good and the evil of cycle or century, sums it up, and strikes the balance with the coolness of an accountant, and the sagacity of a philosopher.

To the statesman, history is the fountain of all knowledge. A close and judicious study of the annals of the past, which are so cunningly interwoven with all the interests of the present, impart to him an enlarged mental vision of its demands, the intellect is expanded, and the heart is touched.

Intellectual or material progress is to mankind—to governments and states, what the volcano is to nature. It is the great outside world where the genius of invention is free to move without restraint. Progress is the great channel by which pass off in noble, concerted, enlightened action, the energies that, obstructed, like the earthquake or tornado, overturn empires. To the youth learning life and preparing for its exigencies, history supplies his greatest desideratum. The good and the evil of the world are there placed before him in their original colors. No faint or ill-defined outlines where they mingle and blend into an indistinct mass, undigested and crude, useless and, more than that, pernicious, but clearly and purely set forth, with all their unmistakable results. To the youth learning how to live, and to the aged fearing not to die, history is the bright pathway to intellectual and moral probity.

Let us commend the study of history to the young of America, and particularly at this juncture the history of our own Revolution. The men of that period may have been more than mortal in their endowments of integrity and wisdom, or the spirit of liberty is more potent even than we imagine it, for certainly no other country presents to the student a more brilliant record of noble heroism. In a venal and corrupt age good men may be without hope, and the weak-virtuous may yield at last; but there is one consolation left to the reflecting that, though America has apparently outlived the virtues of its fathers, the influence of good example is eternal, and still the patriot "may not despair of the republic."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARCHITECT thus discusses a question which some consider to be of great practical importance. "I beg leave," he says, "to express my opinion in regard to the theory referred to by 'INVALID,' in a recent number of the LEDGER, as to the direction of the body when sleeping, in order to gain the greatest amount of repose. I consider the direction of the body when extended for repose a matter of no small importance, although it is treated by most people as a whim, simply because they cannot see why it should make any difference. I contend that a person should sleep with the head north when practicable. There is no serious objection to the head being towards the south (though north is better), but a sleeper should never lay crosswise, that is, east and west. The reason is, that at or near the surface of the earth currents of electricity are constantly flowing from the equator to the poles; consequently, in our latitude these currents are flowing northward. Currents of electricity also traverse lengthwise the human body from the feet upwards (when in a standing position) and are discharged at the brain, probably by unconscious mental effort. These currents follow the nerves of the system in the same manner that the same subtle fluid follows the telegraph wires, and these nerves of ours may very properly be called the telegraph wires of the system. Now, a person in the attitude of repose may be compared to a plank fixed in a rapid running stream of water. Place the plank lengthwise in the direction of the stream, and the flow is harmonious and without contention; but fix the plank crosswise the stream and the effect may be imagined. The same is true of the human body when extended upon or near the surface of the earth. The flow of the currents in the two bodies brought so nearly in contact will be harmonious or turbulent according as they coincide with or cross each other. If the flow of the electrical currents is in the same direction in both bodies, the person will rise refreshed; if the flowings of the currents are crosswise, the person will be unrefreshed, and will rise wondering why he is so nervous and unable to sleep. The effect will be diminished the farther a person gets from the ground, as in the second or third stories of a building. I believe that persons who sleep upon the ground, as soldiers, &c., would find their rest much enhanced by always lying with the heads towards the north."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Of course we believe that women should have their "rights;" and if the privilege to rail at the "tyrant sex" be one of their rights, then we say let 'em have *that.* But in our opinion it is more than questionable whether the uprising of the "Woman's Rights Women" against the "male tyrants" will ever attain the dimensions of a general insurrection. We supposed, indeed, that the skirmishing of the lady revolutionists with the "despotic sex" would cease entirely in the presence of the Great Rebellion. But the fair belligerents still stand to their guns, and occasionally favor us bearded monsters with a broadside of oratorical grape and canister. They had an informal gathering in this city not long ago, and spoke their minds pretty freely, it is said, although (no reporters being present) their withering remarks did not obtain the publicity of print. But our correspondent says they are going ahead now more vigorously than ever, and are determined on a "complete revolution." *Gentle malcontents, permit us, hat in hand, and with all humility, to address to you a few words of brotherly remonstrance.* Be our ministering angels still. When party strife has excited the passions, be it yours to soothe and calm them; and when surgery has lopped a limb, or extracted a bullet, come you to the cot-sides of the victims with your sweet ministrations. Press the cool, soft, sisterly hand on the fevered brow; tender to the parched lips refreshing moisture; breathe into the ear of suffering, words of comfort; smooth the pillow of the dying, and whisper to the parting soul of a bright hereafter. These are your rights and privileges—these, and many others, more sacred, more ennobling, than any which the notoriety-seekers of your sex so noisily claim. Mothers, sisters, wives, nurses, comforters—what would you more? Why should you be ambitious? But if you are, what then? What are we world-rulers in your hands? If we govern the world, do you not govern *us?* What are we, ladies, but your deputies?

JULIA, who writes a nice lady's hand, thus gently dips into the discussion of a subject which the "popular mind" would not suppose the female intellect would be apt to take much interest in. She says: "The statement of J. U. P. in the LEDGER last June, that he had a well twenty feet deep, and that he drew the water by a rope passing over a pulley about seven feet above the top of the well, with a bucket at each end, so that when one bucket was down the other was up, and that the middle of the rope was wet in summer and winter, while the balance was dry; requesting reason of this phenomenon on philosophical principles, no one has attempted to answer, except A. E. C. in the LEDGER of July 25th; and the reason given by A. E. C. cannot be correct, as the end of the rope attached to the bucket in the well all night is dry in the morning, while the middle is wet. My solution is this: the water in the well is *colder* in the summer and *warmer* in the winter than the atmosphere above. Now, where the two currents of air meet in the well so as to form an equilibrium of temperature, the moisture condenses and wets the rope. If this is not the correct theory, will some one give a better one?"

XERXES.—The difference in opinion arises from the fact that the writer of the paragraph you refer to reckons a *million millions* to a billion, and you reckon only a *thousand millions* to a billion. You would call 19,258,175,960, nineteen billions two hundred and fifty-eight millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand nine hundred and sixty; while your opponent would call it *nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty-eight millions,* &c. According to his method of notation a billion is written thus in figures—1,000,000,000,000, while you write it 1,000,000,000.

OLIVIA loves to madness a gentleman who has been unfortunate in business, and whom her parents do not wish to elevate to the rank of their son-in-law. It is a common case. The parents may be wrong, as parents often are. Society is rather indulgent to those who resolve to choose for themselves. It does not regard it as a moral crime; and success at last makes ample atonement for the offence; but we never advise in such cases; and, as a rule, we disapprove of children neglecting parental advice, even in love affairs.

ROLAND asks: "Can a man, by his actions, hurt himself, without committing a crime against society?" No, every man is a member of society; and, in hurting any one member, you hurt the body, which is one in the universal sense, though many in the particular sense. By these two senses, contradictory language may be spoken without a departure from truth. You might, therefore, say "Yes" to the above question, as is often done when we say, "Poor fellow! he does harm to no one but himself," &c.

B. M.—You and your friends must be very stupid or very irreverent to imagine that when the question as to who is the greatest man that ever lived is under discussion, any one would for a moment think of discussing the claims of the Saviour of the World to that distinction. Although He wore a human form for a season, and in the Scriptural sense "was a man amongst men;" yet, when we speak of men in general, it is of *mere* men that we speak, and not of God in man.

G. H. L.—The time for a woman and her family to exercise firmness, discretion, and all similar virtues, is *before* she marries a scamp and not afterwards—although, no doubt, they will find abundant use for them after things have been made as bad as they well can be by such a marriage. We can give you no advice that would be of any practical benefit to you.

X. X.—The professed reason for Napoleon's divorce from Josephine was the want of children. So he got his divorce, married again, and had a son, who lived and died a prisoner of state. Could the "man of destiny" have looked into the future, he would have seen that justice is better than an heir. Selfish ambition is always sure to make a fool of a man at last.

SNOWY RANGE.—Raisins are grapes cured and prepared by a process well known to raisin makers.

PRECEPTRESS.—You should have some treatise on the subject, at hand for reference, in order to be able to give the young ladies under your charge such information as they may require at any time. We can not afford to devote sufficient space to give you all the directions, &c., which you ask for in regard to "letter-writing by young ladies," but we will give you an outline which your own good sense will enable you to fill up. Though every one does not excel in the art of letter-writing, still it is by no means difficult of attainment. It is necessary to express ourselves in a style at once clear, elegant, and appropriate to the subject on which we are writing. Above all things we ought to endeavor to acquire a plain, legible handwriting, for nothing is more irksome than to receive a letter half the contents of which remain a mystery to us, in consequence of our inability to decipher it. Some ladies erroneously suppose it plebeian and common to write well; whereas, on the contrary, every thing emanating from a lady should be performed in the most elegant manner possible. In conversation we are frequently obliged to sacrifice many happy similes, and appropriate remarks and expressions, in order to avoid hesitation; the case is different in the use of the pen. There is, therefore, no excuse for repetitions, erasures, or omissions. Never suffer such blemishes to remain; they are disgraceful to yourself and disrespectful to your correspondent. The most rigid observance of the rules of grammar and correctness of expression is indispensable; a fault in orthography is inexcusable, even in the most unimportant billet, as it betrays either gross ignorance or inattention in the writer. The terms *esteem* and *affection,* being familiar expressions, are used only in letters to friends and equals, unless accompanied by words which relieve or qualify them; thus we may say, "I am with profound respect," and "the highest esteem." In a simple billet, the date of the day, Monday, &c., is sufficient, with, sometimes, the addition of the hour. Letters to superiors ought to be folded in an envelope. Black wax is used for mourning, as also black-edged paper and envelopes. Large seals are in bad taste—they should be small, with appropriate designs and mottos. Some distinguished persons receive it as a compliment, if, in writing to them we omit to designate precisely their address; it is, however, incorrect to make the omission; we ought, on the contrary, to indicate with accuracy the name of the street and number, if it be in a large city. If you add to the name the title or profession, it will prevent mistakes; but if circumstances have compelled any of your acquaintance to act in an inferior capacity, it would be very indelicate and unfeeling to add his business to his name. As a general rule, it is correct to conclude your letter thus, "I am, Sir, or Madam, your obedient servant;" a more familiar style is, "I am, Sir, yours truly—yours respectfully," &c. It is only the most unceremonious billets that are written in the third person, and they should necessarily be very laconic, in order to avoid the use of the pronouns *he* or *she,* which not only have the appearance of incivility, but sometimes cause confusion in the difficulty that frequently occurs, to comprehend whether the pronoun refers to the person who writes the note, or to the one to whom it is written. These billets commence thus: "Mr. or Mrs. A. presents his or her compliments or respects to Mrs. B., and requests——" Having made the request or intimation, we conclude with, "and will feel obliged." Be careful never to use the first person in such notes, nor to affix your signature.

J. V. G., who is an advocate of early marriages, (a question which many of our readers seem to be deeply interested in and fond of discussing,) wishes to put in his protest against the idea that early marriages are imprudent and even unjustifiable. "I know," he says, "that some physicians condemn them on the ground that the constitutions of the parties are not sufficiently mature to produce a healthy and vigorous offspring. Economists condemn them, because young men are rarely in circumstances which will bear the expense. Many others condemn them because they see so much disappointment and trouble arising out of matrimony, when the wedded pair are deficient in sense and true principle, that they naturally conclude it to be far better to postpone this most serious of all relations until a riper age of experience and discretion. And there are not a few who are disposed to prefer the freedom of a single life as far less liable to suffering and sorrow. But all these reasons seem to me of little weight when opposed to the manifest designs of Providence, the general authority of Scripture and the instincts and affections implanted in the human heart. Nature points to early marriage as the true normal condition of our race; and experience proves it to be the best practical protection of health, of reasonable continence and of sound morality. We find, accordingly, that the people of Israel held this to be a settled rule, in pursuance of the divine law laid down in the beginning. We see the Apostle Paul, also, notwithstanding his individual preference of celibacy, establishing the same practice when he saith: "Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." I. Cor. vii., 2. This is further confirmed by his emphatic declaration: "Marriage is honorable in all." Heb. xiii., 4. And the design of the Creator is wonderfully manifested to this day, from the well-known facts ascertained by the published statistics of all civilized nations, that the males and the females born in every country are almost precisely equal in number. What general maxim of human society can be more fully proved than this, when the voice of religion, the results of experience, and the fixed order of divine Providence, concur so harmoniously in the same conclusion?"

HARRY puts the following touching and fearful case. He says: "Suppose a man should be riding in the cars between Hartford and Willimantic, and by accident should find himself *tête-à-tête* with a beautiful, blue-eyed lady, and feel touched by her advice; and if in changing cars he should lose sight of her entirely, without ever knowing her address, wouldn't it be too bad. Now, this is my fix precisely; and perhaps if this should strike the eyes of my fair one, it might be the means of keeping me from sinfulness and dissipation. What advice can you give me about it?" You are a great goose. Do you suppose that the lady you refer to would take the trouble to hunt you up, if she should happen to see your statement, even if she knew it referred to her? She may be a married woman, or engaged to be married. At any rate, you have "spoilt your market" with her by letting her know that you are prone to "dissipation and sinfulness." You probably put that clause of your letter in, under the notion that the idea of saving a fellow-mortal from unknown improprieties and crimes would so work upon her divine nature as to induce her to rush forward and offer herself a marital sacrifice upon the altar of hymen. We have known great, silly fellows who have cherished such absurd notions.

S. T. V.—If you really loved the young lady it is not likely that you would hesitate to marry her because she has the heart disease. On the contrary, you would be apt to be all the more eager to devote yourself to the securing of her happiness because she is liable to be snatched away from earth at any moment. That is one view of the subject; and, to be sure, there is room for another, which will serve as a plausible excuse for backing out, to wit, that you may be so sensitively organized as not to be able to endure the thought that your wife might at any moment be taken from you, and *therefore* you will tear your affections from the young lady before it is too late, &c.

WEST TROY.—The phrase, "carrying the war into Africa," arose from the declaration of a celebrated Roman general who was pitted against the renowned Carthagenian Commander, Hannibal, while the latter was invading Italy, and threatening Rome itself. The Roman general declared that the best way to get rid of the presence of Hannibal and his army in Italy, would be to "carry the war into Africa," the home of the Carthagenians, and to threaten Carthage itself. He was allowed to do so, and Hannibal and his troops had to hasten home to defend their own firesides. Since that day, when one wishes to indicate his intention to pursue a decisive aggressive policy, he speaks of "carrying the war into Africa."

SILVER FLAKE.—If you should be half as tedious in your explanation with the young lady as you are with us, your case will probably be hopeless. By waiting a little while, she will probably resume her relations with you, and keep her promise to become your wife; but if you annoy her with prosy communications, either written or spoken, she may acquire a lasting dread of you that will defeat all your hopes.

DOUBTING HEART.—Let your recreant lover alone, and do not attempt to constrain a reluctant heart. There would not only be no harm in quietly giving up your rival's acquaintanceship, but it would be an act of discretion. Nature teaches us that rivals cannot long agree; and if you don't drop her acquaintance she will no doubt drop yours.

KNICKERBOCKER.—We do not care to attempt to predict "in about what year New York will become the greatest city on the globe." Put that question to the LEDGER a few centuries hence, and an answer might be given.

P. S. Q. says he has a son on board the United States gun-boat Cayuga, and would like to know where that vessel is. Can any of our readers inform us?

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—The *Misses Brown* is the correct phrase, and not the *Miss Browns.*

**** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*